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MY LOVE.

BY OLIVE BELL.

"I love you—I love." Bees murmur it over,
Drowsily humming o'er fields of red clover;
Birds in the meadow grass building their
nests,
Carol it saftly, O dearest and best!

Harvest winds fluttering wheat swathe `of
gold,
Chide me for glances, and words over-bold,
But deep in my heart, your image I treasure,
Like a lily whose purity words may not
measure.

Autumn winds coloring tender green leaves,
Flecking with scarlet the yellow corn sheaves,
Throw all their ruby blooms into her face,
When I whisper my praises of womanly
grace.

O winter winds, chilling earth's bosom of
snow,
Bear her this message as you lolly blow,
Tell her, her face like some pure, spotless
flower
Still holds me enthralled with a mystical
power.

Tell her my love will outlive fancy's dreams,
Wax brighter, as dying, the sun's vivid
beams;
Grow blinding with splendor, when nearing
that shore
Where the sun of our lives shall shine ever-
more.

SIDONIE, THE INTRIGANTE.

THE FROMONT JEUNE ET RISLER AINÉ OF ALPHONSE DAUDET.

Translated by George B. Ives.

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[This story was commenced in No. 23, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

BOOK II.

VI.—(*Continued.*)

At the house of Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîne, Sigismond Planus is the god of the establishment at this moment, and his little screen a sanctuary where all the clerks are watching. In the silence of the slumbering manufactory, the heavy pages of the great books rustle as they turn; names called aloud lead to searches in other registers. The pens scrape. The old cashier, surrounded by his lieutenants, has a busy and terrible air. From time to time, Fromont Jeune, at the moment of getting into his carriage, arrives, his cigar between his teeth, gloved, all ready. He walks slowly, on tip-toe, leans upon the screen:

"Well! how are things getting along?"

Sigismond gives a grumble, and the young master of the house goes away without daring to ask further. He sees plainly from the looks of the cashier that the news will be bad.

In truth, since the years of revolution, when they fought in the courtyards of the manufactory, never yet had so pitiful an inventory been seen at the house of Fromont. Expenditures and receipts balanced each other. The general expenses had absorbed all and, besides, Fromont Jeune found himself indebted to the firm in important sums. It was a sight to see the dismayed look of old Planus when, on December 31, he advanced to give an account of his operations to George.

The latter took the thing very gaily. All would go better for the future. And to restore the good humor of the cashier, he gave him as extraordinary present of a thousand francs instead of five hundred which his uncle formerly tendered him. Everybody profited by this generous disposition and, in the universal contentment, the deplorable result of the accounts at the close of the year was soon forgotten. As to Risler, 'twas George who wished to charge himself with informing him of the situation.

When he entered the little cabinet of his partner, lighted from above by means of a reflector which threw the rays perpendicularly upon the meditation of the inventor, Fromont Jeune had a moment of hesitation, of shame and remorse for what he was about to do.

The other, at the opening of the door, had turned around joyously:

"Chorche, Chorche, my friend, I have our printing press! There are still some trifling things to find out, but 'tis all the same! Now I am sure of my affair. You will see it, you will see it. Ah, the Prochassons will have to skirmish terribly. With the Risler printing press we will break down all competition!"

"Bravo, my comrade!" responded Fromont Jeune. "So much for the future; but the present, that you do not think of. And that inventory?"

"Quite true. I had forgotten it. It is not brilliant, is it?"

He said this looking at George's face which was a little disturbed, embarrassed.

The latter replied: "But it is; very brilliant on the contrary. We have reason to be satisfied, above all for our first year. We have made forty thousand francs profit; and as I thought that you might perhaps need money to give New Year's presents to your wife—"

Without daring to look in the face the honest man whom he was deceiving, Fromont Jeune placed upon the table a roll of checks and of bank notes.

Risler Aîne had a moment of emotion. So much money at one time, for him, for him alone! He thought first of the generosity of those Fromonts who had made him what he was, then of his little Sidonie, of the wish so often expressed by her, and which he could now satisfy.

Tears in his eyes, a bright smile on his lips, he extended both his hands to his partner:

"I am content—I am content!"

This was his phrase for great occasions. Then, indicating the roll of checks and bills spread out before him with that light turning over that one gives to such fugitive bits of paper always ready to fly away:

"Do you know what that is?" said he to George with an air of triumph. "'Tis Sidonie's country-house!"

Parbleu!

VII.

A LETTER.

To M. Planus Risler, Engineer of the Conseguid Francaise, Ismailia, Egypt.

Planus, my lad, 'tis the old Sigismond who writes to you. If I knew better how to put my thoughts on paper, I would have a long story to tell you. But this cursed French is too difficult, and away from figures, Sigismond Planus is of no account. Hence, I shall tell you in short space what is going on.

Things which are not right are passing in your brother's house. His wife deceives him with his partner. She has made her husband ridiculous, and if this continues she will cause him to pass for a scoundrel. Listen to me, my little Planus, you must come here at once. You alone can talk to Risler and open his eyes in regard to this Sidonie. We others, he would not believe us. Hasten, ask leave of absence and come.

I know that you have your bread to gain where you are, your future to make; but a man of honor should value above everything his name which his parents have given him. Well, I say to you that if you do not come here immediately, there will arrive a moment when your name of Risler will have so much shame heaped upon it that you will no longer dare to bear it.

SIGISMOND PLANUS,
Cashier.

BOOK III.

I.

THE JUDGE.

Those persons who live constantly indoors, chained to their window corner by work or infirmities, as they make a horizon of the walls, the roofs, the neighboring

A TIGHT FIT.

windows, interest themselves also in the people who pass.

Immovable, they wrap themselves up in the life of the street, and all those busy people who appear to them, sometimes every day at the same hours, do not suspect that they serve as regulators to other existences, that friendly eyes watch them, by which they are missed, if by chance they should take another route.

Desiree and her mother, shut up all day, made such silent observations. As the window was dark, the mother, whose eyes had begun to fail from stress of toil, drew herself close to the light, besides the raised-up muslin curtain, the large arm-chair of her daughter at her elbow, but a little further away. She announced to her the daily passers. It was an amusement, a subject for chat; and the long hours of work seemed shorter, peopled by these regular apparitions of greatly-occupied gentry. There were two little sisters, a gentleman in a grey overcoat, a child who was taken to and brought back from school, and an old employe with a wooden leg, whose step sounded upon the pavement sinisterly.

The latter they rarely saw; he passed when it was already night, but they heard him, and each time that sound came to the little lame girl like a violent echo of her most sorrowful thoughts. All these street friends occupied the two women without knowing it. If it rained they said:

"They will get wet! Will the child reach home before the shower?" And at the changes of the season, when the March sun inundated the watery pavements, or when the December snow covered them with its white flakes and its black ice, the appearance of a new garment upon one of their friends caused the two recluses to think: "'Tis summer," or "Winter is here."

It was the close of a day in May, one of those bright and mild evenings, in which the life of the dwellings spreads itself abroad through the open windows. Desiree and her mother were plying their needles and their fingers actively, economizing the fading light to its last ray before resorting to the lamp. They heard the cries of children playing in the court yards, deafening pianos, and the voice of some small pavement merchant drawing his half-empty cart. They smelled spring in the air, a vague perfume of hyacinths and lilacs.

Mother Delobelle at last put down her work, and before closing the window, her elbows leaning on the ledge, she listened to all these noises of a great, laborious city, happy to circulate in the streets, its day finished. From time to time, without turning, she talked to her daughter:

"There comes M. Sigismond. How early he is leaving the manufactory this evening. 'Tis perhaps the effect of the lengthening days, but it seems to me that it is not yet seven o'clock. Now who is that with the old cashier? How strange! One might say—yes—one might say it was M. Frantz! That is not possible, however. M. Frantz is very far from here at this moment; and then he had not a beard. Well, well, the man resembles him greatly! Look now, my girl!"

But the girl did not quit her arm-chair; she did not even stir. Her eyes fixed, her needle in the air, immobilized in her pretty gestures of activity, she had departed for dreamland, that marvellous country in which one strays freely, without caring for any infirmity. That name Frantz, pronounced mechanically by her mother, on account of a chance resemblance, was for her a whole past of illusions, of warm hopes, fugitive as the blush which had mounted to her cheek, when at evening, on returning, he used to come to chat for a moment with her. How far away already all that was! To think that he had inhabited the little neighboring chamber, that they had heard his footstep on the stairway, and his table that he drew near the window to draught upon. What vexation and what delight she had had in hearing him talk of Sidonie, seated at her feet upon the low chair, whilst she mounted her bugs and her birds.

Whilst working, she had encouraged him, had consoled him, for Sidonie had caused that poor Frantz many little cruelties before dealing him the great blow. The sound of his voice when he had spoken of the other, the brilliancy of his eyes in thinking of her, had charmed her despite all; so much so that when he had fled despairingly, he had left behind him a love greater still than that which, he had borne away with him, a love which, the chamber always the same, the sedentary and fixed life had kept intact with all its bitter perfume, whilst his in the open sky of the great routes had wasted away, evaporated little by little.

The day had altogether gone. A heavy sadness had seized upon the poor girl, with the shades of this evening so mild. The happy brightness of the past diminished for her like the thread of light in the narrow opening of the window in which her mother was still leaning upon her elbows.

Suddenly the door opened. Somebody was here whom they could not well distinguish. Who could it be? The Delobelles never received visits. The mother who had turned around, had at first thought that it was some one from their store to see after the week's work.

"My husband has gone to your place, Monsieur. We have nothing more here. M. Delobelle has taken back all!"

The man advanced without response, and in proportion as he approached the window, his silhouette sketched itself. 'Twas that of a great, strongly-built youth, bronzed, with a thick, blonde beard, a loud voice, an accent a trifle heavy.

"Ah, ha, Mother Delobelle, you don't recognize me, then?"

"Oh, as for me, Monsieur Frantz, I recognized you at once," said Desiree very tranquilly, in a cold and grave tone.

"Mercy on us, 'tis M. Frantz!"

Quickly, quickly, Mother Delobelle ran to the lamp, lighted it, closed the window.

"Really, 'tis you, my friend Frantz!" With what a calm air she said this, the little one.

"I easily knew you!" Ah, the little icicle. She will be always the same.

A true little icicle in truth. She was pale pale; and in Frantz's hand, her hand was all white, all cold.

He found her beautified, still more refined, more delicate than the precipitate voyage, undertaken on receipt of Sigismond's terrible letter. Spurred on by that word dishonor, he had set out on the instant without waiting his leave of absence, risking his fortune and his place; and from packet-boats to railroads, he had stopped only at Paris. There is enough to be weary with, especially when one has traveled to arrive in haste, and when the impatient thoughts are all the time agitated, making the passage ten times in doubts, terrors, continual perplexities.

His coldness dated further back. It dated from the day on which she whom he had loved had refused to marry him, to become six months afterwards the wife of his brother; two terrible blows, one after the other, and the second still more dolorous than the first. It is true that before making that marriage, Risler Aîne had written to him to ask his permission to be happy, and in terms so touching, so tender, too, that the violence of the stroke had been a little weakened; then, finally, exile, toil, long journeys had overcome his grief. He had retained of it only a profound melancholy. Was it possible that the hatred, the anger that he felt at that moment against the woman who dishonored his brother might not still be something of his old love!

But no! Frantz Risler thought only of avenging the honor of the Rislers. It was not as a lover, but as a judge that he had come; and Sidonie would have to look out for herself.

Immediately, on descending from the railroad car, the judge had gone directly to the manufactory, counting upon the surprise, the unexpectedness of his arrival to reveal to him what was going on at a glance of the eye.

Unfortunately, he had found nobody there.

The blinds of the little hotel at the bottom of the garden had been closed for fifteen days.

Père Achille had informed him that the ladies were living at their respective country-houses, to which the two partners went to rejoin them every evening.

Fromont Jeune had quitted the place at a very early hour; Risler Aîne had left gone.

Frantz decided to speak with the Sigismond. But it was Saturday, the pay-night, and he would have to wait until the long file of workmen which began at Achille's lodge to end at the cashier's screen, had little by little melted away.

Although impatient and very sad, this stout lad, who had been used from infancy to the life of the workmen of Paris, felt a pleasure in finding himself again in the midst of this animation, these customs so special. There was upon all those faces honest or vicious, the content of the finished week. He felt that for them Sunday began on Saturday evening, at seven o'clock, before the little lamp of the cashier.

It is necessary to have lived among the commercial people to know all the charm of the repose of this day and its solemnity. Many of these poor folks, chained to unhealthy labors, waited for this blessed Sunday as for a whiff of respirable air, necessary to their health and to their life. Therefore what raptures, what need of noisy gaiety! It would seem as if the oppression of the week's work fled away at the same time as the steam of the engines which escaped hissing and smoking above the gutters.

All the workmen strolled away from the screen, counting their shining money in their black hands. There were deceptions, complaints, entreaties, lost hours, pay drawn in advance; and amidst the clinking of great sous the calm and pitiless voice of Sigismond was heard defending the interests of his employers even to ferocity.

Frantz knew all the scenes of the pay-night, the false intonations and the true. He knew that one man entreated for his family, to pay the baker, the druggist, school bills—another for the tavern, and worse still. The sorrowful, overwhelmed shadows passing and repassing before the pastels of the manufactory, casting long looks into the recesses of the counting-room, he knew what they were waiting for, that they were all watching for a father or a husband to draw him very quickly to his home with a grumbling and persuasive voice.

Oh, the bare-footed children, the smallest enveloped in old shawls, the dirty women, whose faces bathed with tears arrived at the whiteness of the linen of the caps which surrounded them.

Oh, the ambushed vice, prowling around the pay-night, the little rooms that were lighted up at the extremity of black streets, the dull windows of the taverns in which the thousand alcoholic poisons displayed their deceptive hues.

Frantz knew all these miseries; but never had they appeared to him so mournful, so sharp as this evening.

The payments were ended. Sigismond came out of his office.

The two friends recognized, embraced each other; and, in the silence of the manufactory, at rest for twenty-four hours, all its empty buildings mute, the cashier explained to Frantz the state of affairs. He told him of Sidonie's conduct, the foolish expenditures, the honor of the household destroyed forever. The Rislers had purchased a country-seat at Asnieres, the former residence of an actress, and were installed there in sumptuous fashion. They had horses, carriages, luxury, extravagance! What disturbed the faithful Sigismond most of all was the caution of Fromont Jeune. For some time past, he had drawn almost nothing from the counting-house funds, and nevertheless Sidonie had expended more than ever.

"I have no confidence!" said the unhappy cashier, shaking his head, "I have no confidence!"

Then, lowering his voice, he added:

"But your brother, my dear Frantz, your brother! Who will explain him to us? He goes about in all this, his eyes in the air, his hands in his pockets, his mind fixed on his famous invention which unfortunately does not rapidly advance. Shall I say to you that he is either a wretch or a blockhead?"

Whilst talking, they walked up and down the little garden, stopped, resumed their walk. Frantz found himself living in an evil dream. The rapidity of his journey, the sudden change of place and of climate, Sigismond's flood of words which never ceased, the new idea that must be taken of Risler and of Sidonie, that Sidonie whom he had so much loved, all these things stunned him, took away his senses.

It was late. The night had come. Sigismond proposed to him to go sleep at Montrouge; he refused, giving fatigue as an excuse, and remaining alone in the Marais, at that obscure and sad hour of the closing day and of the gas not yet lighted, he went mechanically towards his old lodgings in the Rue de Braque.

At the door of the passage a bill was hung: "Chamber for a single gentleman to rent."

It was the chamber in which he had for so long dwelt with his brother. He recognized the card fastened to the door by four pins, the window of the landing and the little plate of the Delobelles: "Birds and Bugs for Ornaments."

The door of the Delobelles was half open; he had only to push it to enter.

Certainly there was not for him in all Paris a shelter more sure, a corner better made to receive and calm his troubled soul than that laborious and unchangeable interior. In the present agitation of his bewildered life, it was like a port with tranquil and deep waters, the quay full of sun and of peace, on which the women work awaiting the husband and fathers, whilst in the distance the wind howls, the sea boils.

She found him as superb as ever, with an expression of lassitude and of sadness in the depths of his eyes, which made him more manly than at his departure.

His inanimate came from the precipitate voyage, undertaken on receipt of Sigismond's terrible letter. Spurred on by that word dishonor, he had set out on the instant without waiting his leave of absence, risking his fortune and his place; and from packet-boats to railroads, he had stopped only at Paris. There is enough to be weary with, especially when one has traveled to arrive in haste, and when the impatient thoughts are all the time agitated, making the passage ten times in doubts, terrors, continual perplexities.

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It was above all, without his knowledge, an interlacing of true affections, and that gentle miracle of tenderness which renders us precious to those we love not, the more that it is felt for us.

That dear little uncle of a Desiree loved him so much. Her eyes grew so brilliant in talking to him of indifferent things. An imperial dipped in phosphorus made all things shine equally, the least words she spoke illuminated her pretty, blooming face. What a rest this was for him after the roughness of the world!

They both chatted with animation whilst Mother Delobelle laid the cover.

"You will dine with us, will you not, Monsieur Frantz? Father has gone to take back the wine, but he will certainly return for dinner."

He will certainly return for dinner!

The excellent wife said this with a certain pride.

In effect, since the overthrow of his direction, the illustrious Delobelle no longer ate abroad, even on the pay evenings. The unfortunate director had taken so many reposts on credit at his restaurant, that he dared no more return there. In retaliation, he never neglected, on Saturday, to bring back with him two or three famished and unexpected guests, some of those "old comrades," some of those "strugglers." So it was that that evening he made his entrance, escorted by a financier of the Metz theatre, and by a machinist of the Angers theatre, both out of positions.

The comedian shaved, wrinkled, shrivelled in the blaze of the footlights, had the air of an old gamin; the financier wore gay scarfs without the least hair visible. Delobelle announced them pompously from the door, but the sight of Frantz Risler interrupted the presentation.

"Frantz! my Frantz!" cried the old actor in a melodramatic voice, beating the air with his convulsive hands; then after a long and hearty embrace, he presented his guests.

"M. Robricard, of the Metz theatre; M. Chandezon, of the Angers theatre—Frantz Risler, engineer."

In the mouth of Delobelle, what proportions that word engineer took!

Desiree made a pretty mouth on seeing her father's friends. It would have been so nice had they stayed away. But the great man paid no attention to that. He had enough to do to unload his pockets. He first drew out a superb *pate*. "For these ladies," said he, forgetting that he adored a *pate!* A lobster appeared afterwards; then an Arles sausage, sugared chestnuts, cherries, the first of the season!

Whilst the enthusiastic financier pulled up an invisible shirt-collar, whilst the comedian uttered "Gad, surprise!" upon a gesture for ten years forgotten by the Parisians, Desiree thought with terror of the immense hole that this improvised repast would make in the poor resources of the week. And Mother Delobelle, very busy, turned all the cupboard upside-down to find a sufficient number of plates.

The repast was very gay. The two actors devoured, to the great joy of Delobelle who went over with them old souvenirs of strolling actor life. Nothing could be more woeful. Imagine wrecks of trunks, extinguished lamps, an old collection of properties mouldy and fallen to pieces.

In a kind of slang, familiar, trivial, brotherly, they recalled their innumerable successes; for all three, according to themselves, had been applauded, loaded with crowns, borne in triumph by entire towns.

And whilst conversing, they ate as eat the actors, three-quarters seated, facing the audience, with the hasty haste of guests of the theatre before a sham supper, that fashion of alternating words and mouthfuls, of seeking for effect in putting down a glass, in drawing up a chair, of expressing interest, astonishment, joy, terror, surprise, with the aid of a knife and a fork knowingly manœuvred. Mother Delobelle heard them with a smile.

One cannot be the wife of an actor for thirty years, without having become somewhat habituated to these singular fashions.

But a little corner of the table found itself separated from the rest of the guests as by a cloud which intercepted the foolish words, the loud laughter, the boastings. Frantz and Desiree talked with each other in few tones, without hearing anything that was said around them. The things of their childhood, anecdotes of the neighborhood, an entire vague past, which were worthless except for the community of remembrances evoked and for the like light mounting to their eyes, made the attraction of their pleasant chat.

All at once the cloud was torn asunder, and the terrible voice of Delobelle interrupted the dialogue.

"You have not seen your brother?" asked he of Frantz in order not to seem to neglect him on much. "You have not seen his wife either?" Ah, you will find her a great lady! Such dresses, my dear, and such airs! I say only that. They have a real Chateau at Asnieres. The Chebes are there also. Ah, all that, my old boy, distances us! Their arks, they disdain their former comrades. Never a word, never a visit. As for me, you understand, I don't care a snap for it, but 'tis truly wounding for these ladies."

"Oh, papa!" said Desiree quickly, "you know well that for our part we love Sidonie too much to have a grudge against her."

The actor struck the table a furious blow with his fist.

"Then you are in the wrong! You should have a grudge against people who only seek to wound you, to humiliate you."

He had still at heart the fiasco of the fiasco, and, besides, he did not hide his spleen.

"If you knew," said he to Frantz, "if you knew what wasn't there is there! 'Tis a pity. And nothing solid, nothing intellectual. I myself asked your brother for a small sum to make me a future and to assure him considerable profits. He gave me a downright refusal. Parbieu! Madame is very much too exacting. She rides on horseback, takes carriage trips and leads her husband by the nose. Between us, I do not think him very happy, that poor Risler. That little wife of his has made him see all the colors of the rainbow!"

The ex-actor ended his tirade with a wink of the eye in the direction of the comedian and the financier, and for a moment there took place between them an exchange of looks, of conventional grimaces, of "she! her!" of "hum! hums!" all the pantomime of those who understand each other.

Frantz was overwhelmed. In spite of himself, the horrible certainty came to him from all sides. Sidonie had spoken after his nature, Delobelle after his. The result was the same.

Happily the dinner was over. The three actors arose from the table and went to the brewery in the Rue Blondel. Frantz remained with the two women.

And seeing him there, close beside her, affectionate and gentle, Desiree felt all at once a great burst of gratitude towards Sidonie.

She said to herself that after all it was to her generosity that she owed this semblance of happiness, and this thought gave her heart to defend her old friend.

"Look, now, Monsieur Frantz, you must not believe all that my father has said to you concerning your sister-in-law. He always exaggerates a little, that dear papa. As for me, I well know that Sidonie is incapable of all the evil of which she is accused. I am sure that her heart is still the same as when she loved her former friends, even if she does neglect them a trifle. 'Tis life, that. People are separated without wishing it. Is not that true, Monsieur Frantz?"

Oh, how pretty he thought her, whilst she was speaking thus. Never had he so much noticed those fine features, that arbitrocratic complexion; and, when he departed that evening, defended by the eagerness that she had thrown into her defence of Sidonie, by all the charming feminine reasons that she had given for the silence, for the absence of her friend, Frantz Risler thought, with a feeling of selfish and innocent pleasure, that that child had loved him, that she loved him perhaps yet and kept for him at the bottom of her heart that warm, sheltered place, to which one returns as to a refuge when life has wounded him.

All that night, in his old chamber, rocked by the motion of the voyage, by the noise of waves and the winds which follow long ocean travels, he dreamed of the times of his youth, of the little Chebe, of Desiree Delobelle, of their games, of their toils, of the Ecole Centrale whose lofty buildings slept near by him, sad, in the black streets of the Marais.

Then, the morning come, as the light falling through the curtainless windows roused him, and brought back to him the thought of duty and of the preoccupations of the day, he dreamed that it was the hour of starting for the Ecole Centrale and that his brother, before descending to the manufactory, had half-opened the door to cry out to him:

"Come! lazybones, come!"

That cheerful, loving voice, too hearty, too real for a dream, made him open his eyes widely.

Risler was standing near his bed, watching his awakening with a tender smile, something that moved; and the proof that it was really Risler was that, in his joy at again seeing his brother Frantz, he could not find anything better to say than:

"I am content—I am content!"

Although it was Sunday, Risler, according to his custom, had come to the manufactory to profit by the silence and the tranquillity in working at his printing press. Immediately upon his arrival, Pere Achille had told him that his brother was in the Rue de Braque, and he had hurried there joyous, surprised, a little vexed at not having been notified in advance and above all that Frantz had deprived him of the first evening of his return. This regret returned to him at each instant in his talk by fits and starts, whilst all that he had to say remained unfinished: "Great surprise!" "a thousand pardons!" "a future for ten years forgotten by the Parisians, Desiree thought with terror of the immense hole that this improvised repast would make in the poor resources of the week. And Mother Delobelle, very busy, turned all the cupboard upside-down to find a sufficient number of plates.

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And whilst conversing, they ate as eat the actors, three-quarters seated, facing the audience, with the hasty haste of guests of the theatre before a sham supper, that fashion of alternating words and mouthfuls, of seeking for effect in putting down a glass, in drawing up a chair, of expressing interest, astonishment, joy, terror, surprise, with the aid of a knife and a fork knowingly manœuvred. Mother Delobelle heard them with a smile.

One cannot be the wife of an actor for thirty years, without having become somewhat habituated to these singular fashions.

But a little corner of the table found itself separated from the rest of the guests as by a cloud which intercepted the foolish words, the loud laughter, the boastings. Frantz and Desiree talked with each other in few tones, without hearing anything that was said around them. The things of their childhood, anecdotes of the neighborhood, an entire vague past, which were worthless except for the community of remembrances evoked and for the like light mounting to their eyes, made the attraction of their pleasant chat.

All at once the cloud was torn asunder, and the terrible voice of Delobelle interrupted the dialogue.

"You have not seen your brother?" asked he of Frantz in order not to seem to neglect him so much. "You have not seen his wife either?" Ah, you will find her a great lady! Such dresses, my dear, and such airs! I say only that. They have a real Chateau at Asnieres. The Chebes are there also. Ah, all that, my old boy, distances us! Their arks, they disdain their former comrades. Never a word, never a visit. As for me, you understand, I don't care a snap for it, but 'tis truly wounding for these ladies."

"Oh, papa!" said Desiree quickly, "you know well that for our part we love Sidonie too much to have a grudge against her."

The actor struck the table a furious blow with his fist.

"Then you are in the wrong! You should have a grudge against people who only seek to wound you, to humiliate you."

He had still at heart the fiasco of the fiasco, and, besides, he did not hide his spleen.

"If you knew," said he to Frantz, "if you knew what wasn't there is there! 'Tis a pity. And nothing solid, nothing intellectual. I myself asked your brother for a small sum to make me a future and to assure him considerable profits. He gave me a downright refusal. Parbieu! Madame is very much too exacting. She rides on horseback, takes carriage trips and leads her husband by the nose. Between us, I do not think him very happy, that poor Risler. That little wife of his has made him see all the colors of the rainbow!"

The ex-actor ended his tirade with a wink of the eye in the direction of the comedian and the financier, and for a moment there took place between them an exchange of looks, of conventional grimaces, of "she! her!" of "hum! hums!" all the pantomime of those who understand each other.

Frantz was overwhelmed. In spite of himself, the horrible certainty came to him from all sides. Sidonie had spoken after his nature, Delobelle after his. The result was the same.

Happily the dinner was over. The three actors arose from the table and went to the brewery in the Rue Blondel. Frantz remained with the two women.

And seeing him there, close beside her, affectionate and gentle, Desiree felt all at once a great burst of gratitude towards Sidonie.

She said to herself that after all it was to her generosity that she owed this semblance of happiness, and this thought gave her heart to defend her old friend.

"Look, now, Monsieur Frantz, you must not believe all that my father has said to you concerning your sister-in-law. He always exaggerates a little, that dear papa. As for me, I well know that Sidonie is incapable of all the evil of which she is accused. I am sure that her heart is still the same as when she loved her former friends, even if she does neglect them a trifle. 'Tis life, that. People are separated without wishing it. Is not that true, Monsieur Frantz?"

Oh, how pretty he thought her, whilst she was speaking thus. Never had he so much noticed those fine features, that arist

SONG OF THE HEART.

BY FREDE CARY.

They may tell for ever of words of bloom,
Beyond the skies and beyond the tomb—
Of the sweet regrets and the rapture there,
That are not found in a world of care;
But not to me can the present seem
Like a foolish tale or an idle dream.

Oh, I know that the bowers of heaven are fair,
And I know that the waters of life are there;
But I do not long for their happy flow,
While there burst such fountains of bliss below.
And I would not leave, for the rest above,
The faithful bosom of trusting love!

There are angels here; they are seen the while,
In each love-lit hour and in each gentle smile.
There are seraph voices that meet the ear,
In the kindly tone and the word of cheer;
And light, such light as they have above,
Beams on us here from the eyes of love!

Yet, when it cometh my time to die,
I would turn from this world willingly;
Though, even then, would the thoughts of this
Tinge every dream of that land of bliss;
And I fain would take one fond love for aid,
Nor walk alone through the vale and shade.

And if 'tis mine, till life's changes end,
To guard the heart of one faithful friend,
Whatever the trials of earth may be,
On the peaceful shore or the restless sea—
In a palace home or the cottage bower,
There is heaven for me in a world like this.

A DREAM
—OF—
SPRING.

Translated from the German of Johannes Von Dewall for the SATURDAY EVENING POST.

(This story was commenced in No. 20, Vol. 28. Back numbers can always be obtained.)

CHAPTER XVI.

How time passes! How swiftly the clock measures the hours when we revel in happiness! A year is almost gone,—one year, like a dream, like a single, blissful spring-day.

I have returned from my wanderings, my restlessness is over. I threw out my anchor upon firm ground and am in the harbor! After all the storms and dangers my little bark rocks on the gentle waves, while I, unspeakably happy, pray that this peace may continue.

Yes, I have been for nearly five months in Loschwitz; I sit under the shadow of the two large linden trees near my villa and look from this charming spot upon the wide landscape, which is spread out, blue and golden, before my eyes in indescribable loveliness. There lies the broad Elbe, a pure gold with green borders; there is the ferry-boat; there flies the steamboat to the valley; over yonder lie the mountains, the forest, the villas and villages, the parks, castles and farms; then the capital, a sea of houses, towers, churches, and palaces; farther back still are the broad cones of the mountains, hanging there among the clouds, and beyond these lies the land of distance, blending with the blue of the sky.

All this lies before my enchanted gaze in wonderful beauty under the splendor of the noon-day sun. And close to me is a hammock under the wide-spreading branches, so near that my outstretched hand can touch her, lies Margot, my wife, asleep.

I look at this magnificent picture, and, now at Margot, sleeping sweetly and happily, her bosom gently heaving with her deep, healthy breathing, her face glowing from sleep, framed in a profusion of curls. In her light dress Margot lies in the wide, parti-colored net, like a tired child, with the green leaves twining round her; above her in the branches bees hum; and finches and sparrows chirp and chase each other in the thick bushes.

We are in the first days of June and the sun burns hot on the mountain slope. Immediately after dinner, we had sought the coolness here; Margot wished to read, I would work. Now my little wife had fallen asleep over her book, and I leaned back, idly, dreamily inclined, in my garden-chair, thinking and looking, and was happy.

Yes, who would have believed it! Here I am in my own home, my trees whisper above me and my roses bloom and shed fragrance around me. And this is Margot, the little wild Margot, my sweetest, loveliest rose: my dear, faithful wife.

Ah, how strangely, how suddenly all this has happened; how rich and happy Heaven has at last made me after all my sorrow,—although in a manner quite different from what I once hoped and dreamed.

There lies my loving wife, her little hands clasped like a child's; her cheeks glowing, while a pleasant dream calls a smile to her lips,—since Christmas we have been blessed and wed.

And now I am reminded how, ungrateful and negligent, I have not once found time to bid farewell to my old faithful friend, the journal of my former life, to which I formerly confided all my secrets. I rise softly to take it out of my chest. With peculiar feelings I look at it, the companion of so many gloomy hours,—as one looks at a withered flower, the memento of past days,—I look at it with quiet sadness and yet smiling as I think. Thank God, that is all over now.

I sit down, turning over the leaves, then take a pen, consider a little, and write:

At the time when Margot, throwing her arms around my neck and resting on my heart, promised me, my wife, when I kissed her sweet lips for that word, she made a little gesture to check me, raised herself erect and looked at me, smiling indeed, yet with a gentle gravity in her eyes.

"But I have one condition, Karl," she said, slowly and blushing, cast down her eyes.

"A condition, Margot?" I exclaimed. "What is it? Tell me?"

"I will be yours, Karl; I will try to fill the place of what you have lost; but let us wait awhile; do not bind yourself. You see, your feelings are now so impetuous. You must first be certain of yourself; you must become composed. I must think a little for us both," she added with an attempt to smile, then her face became grave again and her lips quivered, as she said: "A disappointment would grieve me too much."

"But, Margot! I assure you——"

"Oh let me speak," she continued, looking at me steadily with her sweet, earnest eyes, "You see, Karl, I desire that you should first prove yourself,—that you should see Adda, visit her at her house. You must rush into the fire once more; there is no help for it. I want you to expose yourself to danger. You must see with open eyes; you must prove your heart. I want Adda to try once more the power of her beauty over you."

"Impossible, Margot, only hear me! Let me only tell you, my dear, sweet treasure," and I related with what feelings I had gone over to Adda on the previous evening; how I found her, how she dazzled me, what a nameless anxiety had seized me, and how cruelly my eyes were all at once opened. "Really, Margot, she is bewitched; you were quite right, Uncle Blunt is a wizard; what has he made of the beautiful, sweet creature? An insipid, babbling doll—a puppet—I could endure it no longer. I escaped—I actually ran away from them. I will not, I cannot see her again. I will see and have no one but you, Margot—I was a fool, a blind fool—forgive me and do not impose upon me a condition, which it seems to me quite impossible to fulfil. I have an aversion, a loathing for it."

"Nevertheless, you must do it, my dear own Karl. You must do it for my sake. I am too proud to marry you otherwise. Yes, do not look at me so surprised. You know that I love you, this shall be the talisman with which I send you once more to the rival Adda, not to your ideal, which is now destroyed. Let three months be your time of trial, you will see Adda daily; court her, admire her, as you will, Karl, but if after this interval you come to me with the same eyes, with the same hearty voice as to-day, and say 'Will you be mine, Margot?' then, Karl, I will follow you to the end of the world!"

I might entreat and grow angry as much as I chose, it was in vain, Margot remained firm. I must therefore submit to it.

"Three months, what a long time?" I exclaimed, finally yielding.

"Oh many a one would envy you the opportunity," she replied, shaking her finger at me.

"Then you ran away from them, yesterday evening?" she asked after a while, with something of the little Margot's old mischief gleaming in her eyes.

"Yes, I could not do otherwise; they might think of me what they would."

"Oh, *ce effet*—you could pay her no higher compliment, Karl. You are the most skillful, most refined flatterer in her eyes. You ran away, naturally dazzled by the sun, burned by its rays; that was a great success, which neither of them will forget. That is the reason why Uncle Blunt came so early to-day to visit you."

With that Margot smiled and looked at me with glistening eyes, so full of love and yet so full of merriment, that I again clasped her to my heart and she told me how much she loved me. I thought I could never hear them enough, those sweetest words! Margot sent me into the conflict and perhaps she was right. Love, pride and prudence bade her act thus, and I obeyed.

On the same day I attired myself in full dress, putting on a white cravat and a pair of light gloves, and betook myself to the Blue Gallee.

No. 9 was a large, magnificent house, with lofty plate-glass windows and gilded balconies. A rang the bell and asked the porter if Mrs. Blunt was at home. He made a mute, assenting bow and pressed upon a knob in the wall. The clear sound of a bell reverberated through the hall. This announced a servant in brown livery, who conducted me up the wide marble staircase, where a valet de chambre in a swallow-tail coat and black silk stockings received me. The staircase up which we had come, was a garden, an embowered walk of exotic plants, interspersed with statues and girandoles, but here a real palm grove surrounded us. Everything stood fragrance and dazzled, everything told the guest or stranger who for the first time entered the vestibule, that rich people lived here. One involuntarily stepped carefully upon these mute mats, and I must confess that I was astonished at this splendor, at the gilding on the ceiling and walls, at the heavy silken hangings, the mirrors and the flowers—it was almost too much of a good thing.

The valet de chambre, whispering, asked me most respectfully to wait a moment; ushering me with a bow into a little salon, a real model of magnificence and coquetry, and making my card, he went to announce me. After two minutes he returned, and with a still more respectful bow, said in a low tone: "Madame and Monsieur will be most happy to see you," and walking ceremoniously before me upon tiptoe, conducted me through a suite of rooms, each one of which surpassed the other in luxury and splendor. A very peculiar feeling overcame me while following him. Was it the perfume, which everywhere filled these rooms, a confusing odor of attar of roses and sandal wood; was it the subdued light which with difficulty penetrated the heavy curtains, or the superabundance of gold, crystal and mirrors? I had withal a sensation, as if the ceiling were about to fall upon my head, as if the air was sultry to suffocation. The mere thought that this was Adda's, Mrs. Blunt's home, that I was to see her again in her own house, could not possibly have made such an impression on my nerves after what had happened during the last twenty-four hours.

After the servant had opened several doors and portieres in their progress, I perceived, at first indistinctly, then with increasing clearness, the merry strains of a dance, mingled with a dog's barking. Some one was playing on a piano near by, and it seemed to me now and then as if I heard exclamations or the laughter of various voices; there were, then, visitors in the house. When we entered the next room, at first only folds of a portiere opposite us were quickly drawn aside and Mrs Blunt (I hardly should have known her) pushed her head cautiously through the aperture.

"Ah, charmant," she exclaimed, "charmant, that you have come! It is well, Fräulein, we are at home to no one else, do you hear, to no one." She delayed till the servant had gone out, then came hastily toward me, but I scarcely waited to greet me. Extending both hands, as she did last night, she heartily bade me welcome.

"Well, *mon ami*, why do you look at me so astonished?" she exclaimed, smiling; "ah—on account of my costume, this little masquerade! Oh, that is a caprice, a fancy of Mr. Blunt; que voulez-vous, he likes it. But away with that grave, scowling face. We have visitors, some acquaintances and Mahommed Effendi, an intimate friend of my husband, in whose honor we really assume this little carnival. It is so amusing, and one has nothing else to do in this merry Paris but just to amuse himself! Now, why do you not laugh, why do you not find me beautiful, why are you so formal, why do you not kiss my hand, *mon ami?*" she added gayly, looking at me definitly.

"Mrs. Blunt!" I stammered in my indescribable embarrassment, "I confess——"

"Well, that is too good!" she exclaimed in great merriment, "Mrs. Blunt? Do you call me Mrs. Blunt here too? Why do you not say Adda, as you used to? Fy, how horrible you are!" she added, pouting, without releasing my hands. "You do not remember, perhaps, that we are old friends, with whom you have entirely forgotten me in three years. Oh, you once called me Adda, dear Adda even—then—do you remember that evening on the Bastei, when we had such a charming time and were interrupted so cruelly." With that she burst into a loud laugh.

I was literally dumb with hearing and seeing. I could not trust my senses, and could only cast at her a single reproachful look. Something like a chill, a terror ran over me in the presence of this beautiful woman; it distressed me to hear one so young speak so frivolously, without modesty, without delicacy. She herself thus cruelly dispelled the sweet, poetical charm which had surrounded those memories—my most precious treasure. And to see her, so smiling, so coquettish, so indelicately making advances to one who had loved her warmly and deeply, who had idolized her, who had been wretched for years on account of those remembrances—whom she had abandoned, had deceived in love and happiness! Oh, it was too cruel, unheard of!

But Adda had not even the womanly tact to imagine what was passing within me; she had not even the shame to blush for those light words, to blush for her attire—to stand thus before me, the man who—But enough of this.

Upon the Berlin a wonderfully beautiful painting by Gustave Richter. It represents a young Arabian girl, in the picturesque, fanciful costume of her country; the red fez, with its silken tassel, placed awry on the luxuriant, dark, large gold rings on the ears, a chain of gold coins hung around the neck, the slender, youthful figure clad in an open jacket, under which peeped out the soft, linen garment of the under-dress, delicate as a cobweb and concealing almost nothing. Thus Adda stood before me. A silken shawl hung loosely girded over her bosom, over the wide trousers of blue satin, and below these appeared the naked feet, in low, pointed, yellow slippers; her eyebrows were colored black, her lips and cheeks were painted and powdered and the whole perfume—this was the little magico in honor of Mahommed Effendi, the friend of the family.

In this costume Adda received me, and in this costume she dared to remind me of that evening in the Bastei, the only bright spot in my pure, painful love! No wonder perhaps, that shame and indignation set all my blood in a tumult and closed my lips. With all my anger I saw her beautiful this woman was in her foreign attire—how captivating and ensnaring. Oh, it distressed me, it made me almost distracted that she could appear thus before other men. And while I stood there and vainly strove for composure, she chatted gayly and quite unconstrainedly.

"You are surprised? You do not like me thus, *mon ami*; were the ladies of the South more beautiful than poor Adda?" She smiled at me languishingly as if begging for a compliment. With her little finger on her lips she ran hastily up the window, drawing back the heavy curtain so that the bright daylight fell full on her face, on her whole figure.

I trembled and cast down my eyes. She lightly pressed my hand, saying with a laugh, "Oh, I really believe you are afraid of me."

I stood as if in a dream. I heard her words and the merry music from the adjoining room. I felt her presence but I did not trust my senses, everything was so bizarre, so strange, so monstrous. I was perplexed and confused as if I had received a heavy blow upon my head. She noticed it and seemed a little embarrassed while her eyes glided over her dress and for one instant she cast a hasty look behind other men. And while I stood there and vainly strove for composure, she chatted gayly and quite unconstrainedly.

"You will not be surprised? You do not like me thus, *mon ami*; were the ladies of the South more beautiful than poor Adda?" She smiled at me languishingly as if begging for a compliment. With her little finger on her lips she ran hastily up the window, drawing back the heavy curtain so that the bright daylight fell full on her face, on her whole figure.

But she might as well have talked to the blank wall, for all sign he gave of having heard her.

Marion left the west wall with a shocked and anxious face.

"Let me know if there is any change, or you think of anything that I can do," she then said to the doctor.

But at dusk the doctor was called away by serious illness in his own family, and near midnight the assistant going his rounds, found Aymer Preston dead in his bed.

"It's either snake-bellyes or heart-break," Doctor Putney said, sharply, when word was brought him, and he ordered that Preston's body should be kept wrapped in blankets, and not removed till he saw it.

The order was obeyed, but when three days saw no change in the form, Doctor Putney having meanwhile examined it, it was removed to the dissecting-room to await the doctor's verdict as to the cause of death.

That very night Doctor Putney was himself attacked with violent indisposition, and his "subject" was left to the solitary occupation of the dissecting-room.

Marion Hyde's window commanded a view of this mysterious and horror-inspiring apartment. As she stood at her window that night, she thought, with a vague thrill of pain, of the one cold, still tenant of that terrible room.

She was not a timid, superstitious creature, nor by any means given to nervousness, so when she saw the window of the dissecting-room slowly lifted, and a gaunt, wild face appear at the opening, instead of screaming or running away, she stood still.

She knew that her heart was throbbing wildly, but she knew also that it was no phantom she looked upon.

Doctor Putney had been right all the time.

Aymer Preston was not dead.

And thus was he making one wild effort for liberty.

Marion Hyde stood and watched him.

She could not have called out just then if he had been the most desperate and hardened criminal within those walls.

Besides, the poor wretch was only mocking himself.

He could not escape even now unless by a miracle.

She saw him stop presently beside a window, which opened into an upper hall, and after a long effort raise it, and slowly drag himself through.

Obeying an impulse which she could not at the moment control, Marion softly opened her door, and passed out without her crutch, for fear of the noise.

She reached the hall just as this poor wasted creature, after a brief rest, was urging his half-paralyzed limbs to renewed effort.

At the sight of her, he gasped and dropped in a swoon, and Marion hurried to his side.

She dared not leave him, so she waited, rubbing his cold hands between her tender palms, till he at last opened his eyes, and she made him comprehend that she wanted him to come with her.

"I won't go back to prison," he whispered between his set teeth.

"You need not," she said simply, and led him to her own chamber.

There was positively no other place that was safe from the strict search that she knew would be instituted as soon as he was discovered to be missing.

She procured him some garments which had belonged to her brother, and she got him such food as would be safe for him to eat after his long fast.

He regarded all her movements with the incredulous wonderment of a child.

"What has been the matter with me?" he asked, after a while. "I could not stir any more than though I was dead, but I knew all that was going on about me. Ugh! it was frightful waiting there in the dissecting-room. I believe it was only the horror of it helped me to break the frightful spell."

"I suppose you were in a sort of trance," Marion said, thoughtfully.

"What are you going to do with me?" he asked again.

"I don't know, I am sure," she said, with a sigh; "but you are safe here till I can think."

"I don't expect you to believe me, but I am as innocent of the crime for which I was brought here as you are."

"Guilty or innocent, I pity you, you are so young."

Concealing him till the hue and cry were over, Marion smuggled him through the gates in a woman's dress, and with a basket of soiled clothes.

And so the mystery of Aymer Preston's escape remained a mystery.

* * * * *

The years moved on.

Marion was twenty-five.

Her father was dead; her idolized brother had perished in a brawl.

She was alone in the world, an invalid, living on the merest pittance earned with her needle, and the sweet, silver-voiced girl who had won the hearts of the prisoners in the gloomy abode of which her father had been warder.

One day she was sent for to an aristocratic mansion to see about some embroidery.

She was received by a young lady.

Something in the young girl's bright face drew Marion's glance unconsciously.

Where had she seen those eyes, so large, and so intensely black?

"Why do you look at me so?" asked the young girl, with naive eagerness.

"You remind me of some one I have known," Marion answered, simply.

"No one ever accused me of looking like anybody but Robert, before," laughed the girl.

"Ah, yes, you do. I see the resemblance now quite strong," and Marion's face flushed with emotion. "Perhaps you are related to him. His name was Aymer Preston."

"Oh!" cried the young girl, springing up, "and you are lame, and your name is Marion Hyde. Tell me, isn't it? I knew it. Oh, Robert, will you say?"

She vanished from Marion's astonished eyes, with the words on her lips.

She was back, however, in a trice, and with her came a tall, dark-haired, heavily-bearded gentleman.

"Marion Hyde? Is it possible?" he exclaimed, clasping both the little trembling hands in his, and putting them over and again to his lips, which were quivering, with emotion. "Surely you know me?"

"You—you are Aymer Preston," stammered Marion.

"I was Aymer Preston. I am Robert Lisson. A relative of my mother's left me his property on condition of my taking his name. I have searched for you vainly, Marion Hyde. My prosperity has been bitter to me till now I had you. Oh! now I shall never touch needles or work again."

"No, indeed, that you shall not," chimed in she who had been the means of this happy recognition. She had run out of the way. I will not be so abrupt as to ask you to marry me now, but as this rash sister of mine has said so much, I can do no less than to say that I am happy to have always loved your sweet, dear face, Marion. I shall never cease to wish it my wife's face till that wish is realized."

And then he left Marion to his sister's petting and caresses.

"This morning I was alone—not a friend in the wide world, and now——"

A burst of tears came to her relief.

But they were tears of joy now, and her beautiful eyes are as dove-like as ever with compassion for the unfortunate.

SIRLOIN AND PORTER-HOUSE.

A very pretty story is told of the origin of the word "Sirloin," but we fear it is only a story. However, here it is:

Charles the Second, of England, is said to have knighted the loin of beef, on one occasion, after his return from a long chase. He was holding a huge loin steaming on the table, he exclaimed: "A noble joint! By St. George, it shall have a title!" And raising his sword above it, he said, "Rise, we dub thee knight; henceforth be Sir Loin!"

Though not an unreasonable tale, it is scarcely probable that it ever took place as related.

The word is most likely a corruption of surloin, which means the upper part of the loin.

There are several explanations given of the term "porter house" which is used in New York and nearly all parts of the country, except Eastern New England, to designate that portion of the sirloin containing the tenderloin. None of the stories are very well authenticated, but the following is, perhaps, the most reasonable of the lot:

In the early days of New York, a man named Porter was proprietor of an eating house in a prominent part of the city. This Porter, it appears, knew how to keep a hotel, if his success in attracting customers was an indication. In some inexplainable way he got in the habit of cutting steaks for his patrons out from that portion of the sirloin containing the tenderloin. These steaks grew to be immensely popular, and for a time no other eating house served them, the phrase "Let's go over to Porter's house for a steak," became common. Porter, however, did not retain the exclusive trade in the particular kind of steaks long. His neighbors in the same line of business were not slow to discover the secret of his increasing patronage, and soon these steaks could be obtained in all parts of the city. Naturally they took on the name of "Porter's house," and by that term have ever since been known.

SCARCITY OF HUMAN REMAINS.

Sir Charles Lyell, in his "Antiquity of Man," states that while traveling over the bed of the Haarlem lake, in 1848—it then containing 5,000 inhabitants—he was informed by Mr. Staring, geologist for the Dutch Government, that he and his associates had searched in vain for human bones in the deposits which had constituted for centuries the bed of the great lake. There had been many a fight on the Haarlem lake, wherein hundreds of Dutch and Spanish soldiers and sailors had met a watery grave. The population that had lived on the borders of the lake numbered 60,000 souls, and the great number of large and small canals and ditches dug in the reclaimed land, was favorable to the discovery of human remains, had there been any, but none were found. He concludes this subject as follows: "A corpse cast into the water first sinks, and unless it be almost immediately overspread with sediment of a certain weight, it will rise again, when distended with gases, and floats perhaps to the sea before it finally sinks. It may then be attacked by fish of marine species, some of which are capable of digesting bones. If, before being carried into the sea and devoured, it is enveloped in fluviatile mud and sand, the next flood, if it (the corpse) be in mid-channel, may tear it out again, scatter all the bones, roll some of them into pebbles, and leave others exposed to destroying agencies, and this may be repeated annually, till all vestiges of the skeleton disappear."

In connection with this, we recall the historic event that when the Duke of Alva took the city of Haarlem, in 1572, he treacherously beheaded not only eighty principal men, hostages, but 2,000 of the citizens besides. Then 300 were tied back to back and cast into the lake. As this was the easiest way of disposing of corpses, it is not unreasonable that by this butchery nearly 2,400 bodies were deposited in Haarlem lake.

The same scarcity of human remains is noticed in Dutch peat, although implements and works of art have been found therein; and the absence of such remains has been ascribed by scientists to the power of humic and sulphuric acids to dissolve bones, the peat in question being plentifully impregnated with such acids.

LIFE becomes useless and insipid when we have no longer either friends or enemies.

AN able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.

FRIENDSHIP is the medicine for all misfortunes, but ingratitude dries up the fountain of all goodness.

MENTAL pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

ROAST MUTTON.—(A shoulder.) Take some flour, ginger, and salt, and rub them over the meat; bake it with some dripping, turning, and split potatoes, in a good oven. Boil it with either boiled onions, currant jelly or sauce.

MUTTON STEWED WITH CHESTNUTS.—Take a piece of nice fat meat, about four pounds; skin it in a piece of some quiet country where it has come to a bolt, have the bones cracked and sliced, and put them in with the meat to stew gently; then twenty-four boiled chestnuts, pepper, salt, a teaspoonful of sugar, and a cupful of vinegar thickened with flour; boil it to the stew, and let it cook for ten minutes.

LAMPLIGHTS.—Take some light puff paste, roll it out and strew over it chopped raisins, currants, candied peel, and sweet almonds; roll the paste into three inch lengths, and dip one of it with the same mixture strewed over white sugar; first wet the paste on the top with a brush, using the white of a beaten egg or water, and bake in a quick oven a light brown.

BUTTER CAKES.—Take a pound and a half of flour, one pound of butter, six eggs, one ounce of cinnamon, one rind of lemon peel, grated, one pound of brown or white sugar, with a little essence of almond or lemon, two ounces of ground rice, and a little ginger; mix all together, and roll out very thin; then roll out thin, and cut with either shaper, a glass, or top of flour dredge. Bake in a slow oven ten minutes. Add a pinch of salt to all cakes and sweets.

BAKED APPLE PUDDING.—Chop up a few good baking apples, peeled and cored, of course. Butter a pudding dish, and cover the bottom and sides with thin bread, the bottom at least to the depth of half an inch; put in some apples, pieces of butter, a squeeze of lemon juice, and a piece of lemon rind chopped, then a layer of apples, sweetened, and so on, bread and apples, till the dish is full. See that the top layer is bread. Pour on a cupful of water and bake in a slow oven for about half an hour or so. Eat while hot.

CANDY RECIPES.—*Taffy*.—Any kind of molasses candy, if poured from the kettle into buttered pans and allowed to cool before pulling, will produce a fine, plain taffy. It may be left in one sheet, the size of the pan in which it was cooled, or, when slightly cooled, may be marked off in squares.

Burnt Taffy.—This is a favorite English confection. To make it, take three pounds of best brown sugar, and boil with one half pint of water, until the sugar candies when put in water. Then add one-half pound of sweet-almond fruit and boil a little longer; then candy. Boil a few minutes until it again hardens and pour it into trays. Flavor with lemon if desired.

Peanut Candy.—Prepare the meats by removing the light red-skin in which they are enveloped, and add a little to the depth of about an inch. Pour over them the hot candy, made as above given, and continue the meats that each one may be covered. A little less candy should be used than will suffice to cover the meats, as a portion will adhere to each separate one should be coated, the object being to use just enough candy to cause the meats to adhere firmly to each other, thus forming a large cake, which when nearly cold may be divided in squares or bars with a sharp knife. Almonds, deprived of their skins, and also meats of any nuts may be used in a similar manner.

TO RELIEVE EAR ACHE.—As soon as any soreness is felt in the ear, the following simple must always precedes the regular "ache"—let three or four drops of tincture of arnica be put into the ear, and then plug with cotton a little cotton to exclude the air, and in a short time the unpleasant sensation is forgotten. If arnica is not resorted to until there is actual pain, the cure may not be so speedy, but it is just as certain. For one application alone arnica does not effect a cure, it will be necessary to repeat it, it may be, several times.

SMOKY STOVES.—There is a very simple way of avoiding the disagreeable smoke and gas from a stove when first lighting it, and that is fire is lit in a stove, heater or fire place on a damp day. Put in the wood and coal as usual; but before lighting the fire, take a handful of paper or shavings placed on top of the fuel, and produces a current of hot air in the chimney, which draws up the smoke and gas at once.

TO CLEAN BRASS.—If the brass is very much tarnished, first wash it with dilute oxalic acid, if the spots are imbedded, rub them out with a little powdered pumice stone, and then wash them off with water, and dry; the acid and pumice are to be used sparingly when necessary. Then have a paste prepared of powdered rotten stone and sweet oil, and with a smooth cork rub the brass, covering the surface of the brass but it assumes a greenish black color; after this rub off the paste by particles of oil with an old rag. Have some lamp-black in a suitable box. Dip a smooth cork in it and rub it over until a satisfactory polish is obtained.

Dr. T. F. Gouraud has acquired a reputation as the leading cosmetician of the United States. His unquestioned pre-eminence has generally secured him in a long career from the assassin's knife and the still more insidious arts of the selfish, who so often trade on the talents and success of others. But the noblest bird cannot keep the wing for ever, and escape the shot of those who have designs of mischief or unlawful gain. One of such character are recent attempts made to detract from the just renown of his famous ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER. Dr. Gouraud himself, so gross and bare-faced is the imposition, "feels called upon in justice to himself and the ladies who for so many years have placed confidence and reliance in his preparation in the most emphatic terms. "The device," the Doctor continues, "is as shallow as it is malicious, and, now that I have the opportunity to expose it, can only serve to cover the conspirators against my reputation and my purse with disgrace." Trading upon another man's well and hard earned name is not exactly the method of securing a patient of publicity with the American public, and fortunately Dr. T. F. GOURAUD'S patrons belong to the class of the cultivated, tasteful and discriminating. They can distinguish brass from gold at sight. The attempt to imitate the Doctor's cosmetics is an enforced compliment to the high character of the originals, and instead of diminishing their hold upon the popular estimation only serves to increase it—in the same way as a noble stream or current is only made more beauty and to rush on with greater force by attempted obstruction. No articles presented to the public have ever received warmer or higher encomiums than Dr. T. F. GOURAUD'S preparations. These have been furnished by ladies of fashion, actresses of real renown, savants and men of science, including leading members of the medical faculty. These have approved of them on the score of taste, utility and safety. We have finally only to refer to the great depository where these authentic "indispensables" are prepared and sold—namely, at the Emporium of Dr. T. FELIX GOURAUD, No. 48 Bond Street, New York.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
PHILADELPHIA
1821 FOUNDED AUG. 4 A.D. 1877

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Saturday Evening, February 3, 1877.

THOSE GOOD TIMES.

They have been delayed a little, but they are certainly on the way. No little bird ever more clearly or truly told the welcome story of Spring just at hand, than the promise of better times not far off is now indicated. We make no claim to prophetic gifts; we use our eyes and ears, and this is what we see and hear to justify the welcome belief:

First: People are more hopeful than for years past. This is always a step forward and upward. So long as everybody felt sure that everything was going to the bad, they made little effort to stop it, and it went right on. Confidence underlies all successful business; it is increasing, and business has revived and will revive accordingly.

Second: Economy has in some measure become habitual, enforced by the hard experience of a few years of pressure. Extravagant expenses had much to do with bringing on the pressure; now men are living within their incomes, and not contracting debts for superfluities; this alone will better their condition and bring financial relief.

Third: Although the causes are not clearly apparent, history proves the fact that each ten years sees a sudden panic, then a period of depression lasting from one to three years and then a rising tide of prosperity; the tide is already setting in.

Fourth: Our imports are lessening, our exports increasing, the balance of trade is in our favor, money is plentiful, and gold is steadily decreasing to par. The country is like a locomotive waiting at the depot, with steam up and rising: the levers will soon be moved, the throttle valve loosed, and off she will go.

Fifth: The fear of civil commotion resulting from the Presidential muddle is abating; the people will not have war; wise counsels are prevailing, a peaceful solution is at hand—thanks to those who are statesmen as well as politicians, and greater thanks to the people who demand and will have a peaceful solution. This obstacle removed, and the track is clear.

Those are sufficient reasons for our faith in the future, and our counsel is, let everybody be getting ready for a good year's business and better times close at hand.

AN OUTRAGEOUS INSULT.

A duel is an insult to community. The participants thereby insolently declare that the law, which is sufficient to guard the interests of ordinary men, is incompetent to reach the high ground they occupy; that it is not to be trusted with their rights and their honor; that they stand so far above ordinary mortals as to be beyond law and that they are themselves only competent to avenge their injuries.

Out upon the men who make such assumptions! Their wholesome fear of the law they have violated, which moves them to sneak away to commit their crime, and then skulk from the reach of the law they have outraged, is a bar to their claim that the law is beneath the exalted position they occupy.

If they have indeed risen by fortunate wealth to a higher sphere, or from vanity fostered by public adulation, or by mutual admiration, they have come to regard themselves so vastly superior that they are a law unto themselves, let them at least win respect by boldly meeting the law which confronts them, and make good their high claim by a fair encounter with its power.

It is too late in the day seriously to discuss the morals of the duelling code. Public opinion in Europe where duelling originated, as well as in America, has taken the form of statute law against it. In the beginning it was itself a recognized form of law, fitted for the times, before individuals had so far emerged from barbarism as to permit community of rights and opinions.

He who now advocates the practice, instead of placing himself on a level at least as he may fancy, only shows his barbaric tendencies; and his act in this regard is usually in keeping with other debasing proclivities.

To plead that the law is an inadequate protection to the individual, is a slander which the law should promptly refute by the sternest exaction of penalty from him who practically makes the assertion when he proclaims that he must be a law unto himself.

Every American is insulted by a challenge; the higher the prominence of the offender, the greater the indignity; and the arm of the law which is the arm of the American people should not be invoked in vain to chastise the offender.

NO EASY TASK.

"You'll be a man before your mother," is not so easy as it looks. The few who have succeeded in doing it, are "worthy of special mention" as they say in making out reports at world's fairs and other competitive exhibitions.

It is not the most difficult task to be a man before the world. Five to six feet of stature, something of a beard, decent clothes and a little dignity of manner, easily win the title from strangers, who have little opportunity for testing these outward appearances, and who seldom care whether they belong to a man or a grown-up boy.

Not so the mother. She can not believe her own eyes when she sees him who but a little while ago, as it seems to her, sat upon her knee, learned from her to lisp his first childish words and looked up to her in all his perplexities, now claiming to be regarded as a man to be leaned upon, and more capable of giving advice than of taking it.

She does not want to believe it. She can not part with her darling boy. The love of a man is different; it is patronizing, not dependent. Then, too, she well knows his weaknesses. She may forgive them, and gladly strive to shelter him from the evil they threaten, at any cost to herself, but it is hard to convince her that he has outgrown them.

It is only when the boy has proved himself a man by worthy achievements which compel the acknowledgement, that she can bring herself to recognize him in his new character. She must first lean upon him for support and not find him wanting; must see him brave threatening difficulties and fairly conquer his place. Then, with mingled pride in his manhood and regret for the boy who has forever gone, she gives him such honor as none but the worthy know or deserve.

He who can be a man before his mother, can make good his claim to the title before the whole world.

AN AMATEUR LECTURE.

The young men at Pittsfield, Mass., were having a course of lectures in connection with a Literary Association. Several eminent speakers had filled their appointments, but the hall was only moderately filled, and expenses were hardly met.

Some of them who were discussing the situation in one of the hotels, were overheard by a darkey, "Sam," a sort of privileged character, well known throughout the village.

"If de boys wouldonly gib me a chance," he put in.

"A chance to do what?" asked one of the young men.

"A chance to lectyah, sah, and no pay if we don't fill de bill."

The boys knew Sam was no fool, and after some laughing over the matter, concluded they could have an evening's sport by giving him the chance he asked for.

"Well, Sam, you shall have next Wednesday evening; now give us the subject, for we must get out the posters right away."

"An' he got to goin' an' he couldn't stop," replied Sam with great promptness and gravity. "Dat am de subjick."

The hand-bills were duly posted, the whole town was taken with the fun of the thing, and when the time came the hall was packed to suffocation.

A gentleman who was present—for we are relating facts—said that a richer quarter's worth of entertainment was never dealt out than the audience had that night.

Sam applied his topic in all imaginable and unimaginable ways; to runaway horses and fast young men; to girls sliding down hill in winter, and their equally rapid descent in other ways; to business ventures; peculiar habits of men, illustrating by telling hits at well-known characters; rambling on without attempt at connection, all in his own darkey dialect, and himself laughing uproariously at every hit he made, until the audience fairly shrieked with merriment.

At the close of the lecture it was voted that Sam had indeed filled the bill, and he was liberally paid. He was greatly disappointed when his offer to deliver another lecture on "An' he stopped and couldn't get to goin'," was declined with thanks. They consoled him, however, with the assurance that one such lecture was as much as the village could stand.

SIDONIE.—It is pleasant to have such strong confirmation of our own judgment as to the merits of the brilliant Serial "Sidonie" as is given in the following extract from the New York *Daily Times*:

Alphonse Daudet's *Sidonie*, the best novel which has appeared in Paris during the last 25 years, which was crowned by the French Academy, run through countless editions in France, and has been dramatized once in Paris and twice in this country, (in this City and in Boston,) has been the cause of considerable rivalry among our translators and publishers. Five translations were submitted to as many publishers—and Estes & Lauriat paid D. Appleton & Co. nearly $1,000 for the privelege of being its sole publishers in this country.

The above notice refers to its publication in book form, our own translation having been made expressly for the POST.

"DEAREST Sophia, can you, will you return my love?"

"Certainly, with the greatest pleasure; I'm sure I don't want it."

And yet the young man was not satisfied.

TWO LITTLE BOYS.

BY CHARLES S. LARNED.

The dream of youth—its picture fair—
A girl's lithe form, and face, and hair—
The dream of manhood—a world, with all strong,
Following her with wooing song:
These dreams of joy unknown, untold,
Found a flower on the world,
And ordered it for its pure dew,
Which then did morning rouse out, and flow
In dancing rills into the sea,
That it might fill the morning sky,
With richest clouds of gold and blue;
In those the dreams of both came true;
Each changed it to a turtle dove,
Which sought a leafy moon-lit grove;
Where met the maiden and the youth,
As souls when young meet in the South.
Look up to the rainbow
That which the south had seen before;
The little doves perched over head,
Cooing, wooing, ever wed!

THE AMERICAN CORNER LOAFER.

BY TOM TRASBL.

In the description and classification of the various species of brutes, our naturalists seem to have omitted that commonly known as the Corner Loafer. Whether the omission is accidental, or whether to place him in the sub-kingdom—Reptiles, or the class, Vermin—is a matter they have held back for consideration. I will not venture an opinion; yet, when such voluminous works as those given to the world by Cuvier, Darwin and others, satisfy fail to note the existence of an animal so numerous, and which so commands in the great centres of civilization, I am persuaded that I have undertaken a task, which they either overlooked or shrank from in disgust. Be my inference as it may, it has been my fortune or misfortune, to reside near a corner favorable to the study of these curious creatures, and I will present the result of my observations, omitting speculation as to their origin, and confine myself to a description of the appearance and habits of the true American type.

The Corner Loafer is a biped. He sometimes stands two feet high. After seen leaning against lamp posts, awning frames, boxes, barrels, bales, or whatever his vigilant eye discovers as affording an easy support for either back or hips. An unused store doorway—generally a corner grocery—that is shuttered, and overspread with a generous awning, is to him a veritable paradise. Here, notwithstanding an occasional row, incited by the indignant grocer, and the oft-repeated threats of policemen, he perseveringly reclines, dreams, spits, swears, insults passers-by, and pursues happiness to free and untrammeled, that I sometimes fancy our glorious constitution must groan under the severe pressure upon it.

Unlike all other species of the brute creation, the Corner Loafer wears artificial raiment; that too, at times, of fine quality. These he usually obtains—he boastfully relates to his companions—by beguiling "old Squatty," the tailor, into the fatal hallucination that he, the Corner Loafer, is a man!

Many of these corner animals scorn as superfluities, such articles as collars and neckties. This class are usually weather-worn sage-hardened veterans, who are ripe for the event that tears them from their deep-seated grip on the corner, and stows them behind the stern, iron bars of the hemagogue. In these are also found not only wear collars and neckties, but have the latter embellished with fine, eighteen-carat brass pins, fancifully wrought in such designs as best proclaim their owners' devotion to the turf, the ring, and the pit. Strong, however, as is his love for these ennobling pastimes, he is rarely in possession of the funds necessary to secure attendance thereto; but, by hearing others talk, and by watching the sporting journals, he keeps well informed.

As an educational auxiliary of particular value to the young in schools, it may be proper to state right here, that when any doubt overshadows such momentous questions as to the particular round that Jack Cade's father-in-law's teeth cut down his throat, or, the exact weight of Dick Darby's angelic bull-terrier, Death-grip, reliable information may be had in solid chunks at any of the infested corners.

The chief legal remedy in favor with this incorrigible beast, and the manner in which it is worn, is worthy of special mention. Of the numberless modifications of the Kossuth hat, the Corner Loafer prefers that with a large, full crown, which admits of those peculiar and unique indentations—so truly indicative of the condition of the brain beneath. The favorite brim is of medium width and of accommodating pliancy, so that by being turned up behind, the wearer's redundancy of brute cranial development is displayed to its best advantage. The reverse is found by bearing down most effectually screens the forehead—the battle-field where reason, truth and virtue have been repeatedly vanquished in struggles for supremacy—the inclination at which the brim overhangs the wearer's face, may be accepted as a pretty correct method of estimating his appetite for a brawl.

The language of the Corner Loafer is simple, concise, and very forcible; and, although lacking purity and elegance, is nevertheless, in perfect accord with its requirements. Nearly every slang word belonging to the various dialects and lingo of professional burglars, sneak-thieves, bruisers, and other vultures of society, is at the ready command of his tongue. By a few moments' study, any one can be capable of pumping more cubic feet of air than a highly-perfumed bone-factory in vigorous health can equal in a day. His words are mostly monosyllables, though a word of three syllables occasionally escapes his lips. To use a word of four syllables—unless it be in vulgar jest or mimicry—is to court the dislike, the derision of his associates, for such is regarded by them as but little less an exhibition of education and good breeding. An odd, incradicable conceit held by our subject is, that he possesses a natural genius for original humor. He imagines himself a wag of infinite scope and brilliancy. He tells an unsophisticated farmer to "shoot that hat," or to "pull down yer vest," and the farmer's manifest apprehensions for the proper condition of these garments provokes a chorus of laughter in the crowd, very nearly as musical as that emanating from a pack of half-starved hyenas. It is upon such an occasion that the Corner Loafer stands erect, throws out his chest, and feels that he has uttered something so sparkling and original that his companions will ever after envy and admire his towering genius.

No animal in the whole world can approach him in the power to endure the extremes of weather. I have seen him blissfully lounge hour after hour, upon a corner flooded with sunshine so fierce, that the sensitive columns of shaded thermometers fretfully bobbed among the nineties; and, I have seen him faithful to his resort, whistling, laughing, jesting and dancing, when Jack Frost was abroad with his keenest pinchers. Rain he laughs at, and snow he revels in: no phase of weather, however changeable or severe, can diminish his affection for that dear old corner;—that corner with its loafing advantages, and evil associations. The Corner Loafer with all his breeze and bluster,—his red lightning and vulgar thunder,—is at heart a coward. It is true that he can chew tobacco fiercely, and spit upon the sidewalk boldly; that he can guzzle rum, and wage war upon a free lunch without the slightest show of intimidation; that he can stand upon his corner, fortified by the presence of equi-valiant allies, and insult passers-by with an exhibition of heroism unparalleled in history; that he can summon with ease, the courage to persecute small boys, and now and then to assault a lame man or cripple; but when—as it sometimes occurs—he is confronted by the resolute fists of a respectable man, his disappearance is chiefly notable for its astonishing celerity.

There are various, but unimportant modifications of the animal I have described, but I do not anticipate any difficulty on the part of my readers, to recognize the average Corner Loafer in the foregoing humble endeavor to faithfully portray him. What his mission may be—unless that of a beacon—what his destiny, are questions well calculated to puzzle the deepest thinkers.

ZILLAH.

We had been restless and uneasy all day as are fishes out of water, and when the whistle of the living train broke suddenly upon the still summer air, we started as if it were an entirely new and unexpected sound. Whereas, the fact was, we had been listening and waiting for that sound the whole of the afternoon.

My father looked up from the book he had been reading, and a glad gleam shone from the black eyes behind the spectacles. Ralph ran in from the garden all excitement. "Did you hear the whistle?" he exclaimed. "The train is in."

And what were we all so excited about, you will ask; in whom was it that the train was bringing? Why, no less a person than our sister Zillah: Baby Zillah, as we still fondly called her. She had been at school, and we had not seen her for a whole year.

My father had married twice. I was the eldest child of the first wife; consequently, a maiden lady of thirty-five at the time of which I write. The sister next to me was not living. Ralph was next oldest, Harry next, and when he was a year old mother had died and left us. Scarcely two years later, our father brought home another wife; and she lived to give birth to one baby girl, when she too died. It was this baby girl, now a young lady of nineteen, yet still "our baby," who was coming. Four years before, we had sent her away to a fashionable finishing school; one of those new establishments that are called colleges. Two or three young ladies, whom we knew, had been "finished" there; and they returned so greatly improved, that we resolved to send Zillah. The college was in the metropolis, a long, long way removed from our country home. A Mrs. Harvey was its principal, and it was so much frequented that some of the young ladies had to board out of it. So to this place and to this lady Zillah was entrusted; and during her four years' sojourn there, she had made but three visits home. Once every year in the long summer vacation; and now she was coming for the fourth and last time; coming to stay. Nobody knew how dear this child was to us. I would not go to the station to meet her, lest I should make a simpleton of myself.

The rumble of approaching wheels; the stopping of a carriage at the great gate; Harry leaping out of it, and assisting a closely-veiled figure after him; Zillah!

She came slowly up the path, so slowly that I looked at her in amazed silence. Always before she had bounded in like a young gazelle.

"Zillah!" I cried, starting forward at length, and then she threw up her veil, and held out her arms.

Could *this* be Zillah? *She* had rounded cheeks the color of blush-roses, and dewy lips, and starry eyes. This girl had a thin white face, and quivering lips, and dim eyes, sunken and hollow.

"Zillah, my darling sister, what is the matter?" I cried, drawing her into an empty room, and holding her to my heart. But Zillah hid her face upon my shoulder, and wept quietly without speaking. My father came in with a sober face.

"What is the matter with my little girl?" he said. "Has she not a word of welcome for her old father?"

Zillah freed herself from my arms, and kissed him silently. "I am so tired," she said, attempting apology, "and so weak and sick, and—and the joy of getting home has unnerved me, papa."

"What has made you feel sick, my child?"

"I have not been very well lately," she answered, "and—and to-day is hot. Perhaps I had better lie down for half an hour."

I led the way quietly to her room, and put her comfortably on the sofa. She would not take any tea, she said, she would wait for supper. So I left her all supper-time, and then went to her room. She was lying there awake, her great hollow eyes wide open.

"Supper is ready, Zillah."

Getting up at once, she followed me down to the dining-room, and took her old place at the table. She praised all that was on it, but ate did not taste a mouthful. Even her old favorite, strawberry-tart, she would not touch.

"Those trains are nasty things," said my father. "They make some people feel as sick as if they were on board ship."

Old-fashioned country folk, such as ourselves, keep early hours; and when supper was over and we went into our usual sitting-room, the sun was still shining. Zillah lifted her hands. "How light it is here!" she exclaimed, with a little shudder. "Please draw the blinds down, Rachel; I cannot bear the glare."

I obeyed her in silence. A very uncomfortable feeling was stealing over me as to what could be amiss with Zillah. I had seen her sick before; but I had never seen her like this.

"Play something for us, Zillah," cried Harry, as she sat down—mechanically, it seemed to me—on the music-stool. But she only sounded a few dreary minor chords. My father came in, and took his easy-chair.

"I am waiting to hear my old favorite song, darling," he said to her.

She knew which he meant: that old plaintive ballad, "The light of other days."

Glancing round at him, as if in hesitation, she began the song. But her voice broke down, and ended in a sob.

"I cannot sing, and I cannot play to-night, papa," she said, rising hastily and closing the piano. "I am so tired, and so weary, and there is no music in my heart. I think I will go up-stairs at once: I shall be better to-morrow. No, Rachel, don't you come: I would rather go alone."

So I took my seat again, and she left the room, just speaking a general good-night to us all at the door.

A cold shadow fell upon us, and we looked at each other questioningly. "What ails Zillah?" each heart was asking. Harry tried to whistle in an unconcerned manner; but it was a failure. My father took up his book, but kept turning the leaves, and I knew he did not read a word. Zillah's coming home this time was so different from what it always had been. We must wait and see what the morning brought forth.

It did not bring forth much. She came down, saying she was better, but pale and listless.

That day the family doctor was called in. Dr. Wall, in defiance of Zillah's protestations against such a procedure. The old physician looked at Zillah's white cheeks and sunken eyes, placed his finger and thumb on her slim wrist, asked her a few questions, and then delivered his opinion.

"You have been doing too much. Worn out with that abominable school. Why must women go in for every kind of learning now? It's unfit for them. Take degrees? Rubbish. Degrees are for men to take, not women. My dear, you have just overtaxed your strength. I will send you some physic, and you must take rest."

"Is it anything serious, doctor?" questioned my father, meeting the old man as he went out.

"Not at all, Mr. Seaton. She is done over with those incessant lectures and all the rest of it. The new system, sir, will send more girls out of the world than the old one did. It is nothing serious, though, with Miss Zillah: she is just worn out; exhausted. She must take rest, and the medicine I shall send her, and she'll soon be all right."

But when the medicine came, in the shape of a packet of powders, Zillah quietly tossed them out of her bedroom window. "I do not need or want any medicine," she said, "and I will not poison myself with it."

The days glided on, and there was no improvement in Zillah. I suspected—but I don't think my father did—that the illness was mental illness, not bodily. Her old friends called, but their visits seemed to give her little pleasure, and their expressions of surprise and sorrow at the change in her annoyed her exceedingly.

"I wish they would all stay away," she exclaimed one day, "and leave me alone, with my own people! I do not want to see any one else."

"Not even Cliff Proudleigh?" I asked, and at the name Zillah turned away.

Mr. Proudleigh was a lawyer in the neighboring town, a nice young fellow and a rising man. When she was last at home he paid her marked attention, and she seemed to like it.

"No, not even Cliff Proudleigh," she answered, standing at the window with her back to me, and her face flushing from brow to chin. "He, least of all. I am glad he has gone on a journey; I shall be free from his persecutions for a time at least. I wish I might never see him again."

I was too astonished to speak. Every day some new and unaccountable whim seemed to be added to Zillah's peculiarities. She was not at all the Zillah of last year.

But Cliff Proudleigh returned the very next day, and in the evening he came up to our house. Zillah saw him from the window, and attempted to run upstairs, but I would not let her go.

"You shall not be so foolish," I said. "What would he think? If you do not wish to receive his attentions, you can very easily make him understand it, but you shall not run and hide." I was really provoked with the girl for her strange ways.

Mr. Proudleigh never said a word to Zillah concerning the change in her appearance. He started a little when he first looked at her, but said nothing. I thanked him in my heart for it.

When he left I was in the garden trimming some dead leaves and branches from my rose bushes. He crossed the grass to wish me good-bye.

"What has come over your sister, Miss Seaton?" he asked, in his low musical voice, as he held my hand. "I never saw any one so changed."

"And we all feel that as deeply as you do, and are just as much at a loss to know what ails her," I said. "She is always just as you see her. Nothing arouses or affects her in any way. Dr. Wall says it is the result of over study. He has known some girls driven half mad by that pressure that is put upon their brains!"

"It is very dreadful," cried Mr. Proudleigh, drawing a long breath, and there was a great fear in his eyes. He had taken up Dr. Wall's theory more deeply than I had meant.

"I do not think her life is in any danger," I hastened to say; "no, nor her mind really. The worst is, she is so listless and languid. I do not know what to do, and can only wait for time to work a change."

Zillah grew more of an enigma to me daily. Mr. Proudleigh walked up often. He knew her from infancy; that she longed for his coming; and if he failed to come when expected, she would be restless and uneasy; yet she was always cold, formal and distant in his presence, and sometimes hid herself away, and would not see him at all. And she would have long, passionate spells of weeping. The most trivial occurrences, such as a thorn in her finger, or the death of a kitten, would set her on; but, as it seemed to me, she merely seized upon these things to give vent to her overburdened heart.

"I believe you have left a lover behind you at that precious college," I said to her one day. "You had better tell me about him, Zillah."

"I have left no lover there, or anywhere else," she answered. "Love is a cheat and —and a delusion. And I wish——"

"Wish what, child?"

"Never mind what, Rachel."

It was on the last day of August that Zillah's mood changed. I remember the date well. The postman had delivered the morning letters; one for my father on business, two for Zillah from school friends, one for me. Zillah read her letters listlessly as usual, had put both down before I had finished the second page of mine, and she then took up the newspaper.

Suddenly she gave a sharp cry, and we looked up startled. It came from Zillah. She was pale as death, and had risen from her seat, the newspaper dropped from her nerveless hand.

"Why, what is the matter?" I asked in alarm.

The question seemed to bring her to her senses. She smoothed her face, into which the color was returning, and affected to laugh.

"Do forgive me, Rachel! I have not lost my foolish fear of spiders."

And with that she escaped, and ran up stairs. Ralph looked at me. My father, dulled with age, was spelling out his letter through his spectacles.

"I did not see any spider, Ralph!"

"I was no spider, Rachel," he answered, in a whisper. "It was something in this newspaper!"

He picked it up, and ran his eyes over the columns she had been looking at. We carried it outside, and gazed at them together.

"I see nothing here that would concern her," said Ralph, telling over aloud the items of news. "Great fire. Shock of an earthquake. Servant-girl drowned. Two young men get drinking in Ireland, quarrel, shoot at each other with pistols, one of them—Gerald Oakley—is mortally wounded. Arrival of Grand Sultan. Wheat gone up a quarter of a shilling a quarter"—and so on," concluded Ralph. "All this can be nothing to Zillah."

"Let me look for myself, Ralph," I said, taking the paper from his hand, fully persuaded he had missed something or other that would prove the clue.

But no, I could see nothing. And I told Ralph that, after all, it must have been a spider.

From that day Zillah changed. She became herself again. Her cheeks regained their bloom, her eyes twinkled like twin stars. Old Dr. Wall put it all down to his physic.

She became gay, too, more like the Zillah of old, and astonished us all by her flow of spirits. Mr. Proudleigh was fairly astonished at the change in her. His attentions were unobtrusive, but none could doubt that he was seriously attached to Zillah. "It is all owing to a spider," said Ralph one day in the lawyer's hearing. "Zillah saw a spider one morning, and it pleased her so she cannot get over it. I hope she won't." I saw Zillah flush, and pale, and shiver under Ralph's light words.

Before two months had passed, Zillah was as bright and sparkling, as witty, as beautiful as ever. She had her days of gloom, when her moods were alternately sullen and sad; "the blues," she called them; but in the main she was just the same as of old, only more fascinating. She played and sang a great deal, and her voice was really remarkable in its strength and sweetness. Mr. Proudleigh's visits became more frequent, and we all saw how it would end. We had no objection. Cliff Proudleigh was a noble young fellow, and if Zillah must go, as we knew she must some time, we were glad it should be to him, and not farther away from us.

December came in. In that month they were formally betrothed, and the marriage was to be on the third of April. Zillah crept to my room and showed me her ring, and hid her wet face in my lap, after she had given Cliff her promise.

"Why these tears, Zillah?"

"I am so happy—and yet so miserable," she whispered, in answer.

"Miserable! and why?" I asked, in surprise.

"Because I—I have been concealing something from you so long. Oh, Rachel I must tell you. But don't blame me, don't despise me, for Heaven knows I have suffered enough for my folly."

"Well, child, what is it?"

"But promise me, Rachel, that you will not reveal what I tell you."

I stroked the soft cheek soothingly. "Whatever you tell me, little sister, I promise you shall never be betrayed. You may trust me."

"I have wanted to tell you ever since I came home," she said, "but I never could muster the courage until to-night. Now I feel as if I could not rest until you knew it. I cannot marry Cliff until it is told. It is about my school life, Rachel."

"Well, well, dear, let me know it, whatever it be."

"We had great liberty, you must understand; great liberty. A college is not like a school, where you are watched over; at least, this one is not. Young ladies, when they come to a certain age, are now trusted more than they used to be. Some of the pupils live out of doors, and we could not run such wild lives. I was really provoked with the girl for her strange ways.

"I see what you are going to tell me, Zillah. You picked up a lover."

"Yes. Gerald Oakley. He was a bold, reckless, strikingly handsome young man; a brilliant scholar, of dashing manners; just the sort of man to dazzle a silly girl; and half the girls in the college were in love with his handsome black eyes and glossy curls. I never loved him; indeed, Rachel, I never loved him; but I was dazzled by his attentions, and proud of being envied by the girls. He made me protestations of love, and was so impassioned, so persistent, that I entered into an engagement of marriage. That was just before I came home last year."

"And you never told us!"

She shook her head. "Immediately upon my return to school, he began to urge me to consent to a secret marriage. He never could be happy, he said, until he knew that I was his, and his alone. He would be sure of me, and a year was so long to wait. We could be married secretly, and keep it a secret until the proper time appointed for our marriage, he urged; when we could be re-married publicly, and no one ever know what had passed unless we chose to tell. He was rich, he said, and had a good home to give me eventually, one that my father could not object to, and he meant to read for the bar, and make his mark in the world."

"But did you listen to this, Zillah?"

"I would not listen at first, and he became angry, and for a week we scarcely spoke to each other. It made me almost wild with jealous pain when I saw him smiling down upon the other girls, and I thought that I would risk anything, rather than lose him. Well, Rachel—don't frown; don't make me think worse of myself than I already do—he arranged matters, and we were married in private in some old city church."

I gasped for breath. Speak to her I could not. Zillah went on.

"For a few months the romance of the deed, and the novelty of being a bride in secret, and the exultation of knowing that the handsomest man in the world was mine, were all enough for me. Then I began to think how I had sacrificed——"

"And you went back to college all the same?" I said breathlessly.

"Of course I did. But I could go out to meet him almost every day. I have told you we elder girls had great liberty."

"How do you know it was a legal marriage?"

"Oh, it was that, Rachel. The clergyman gave me a certificate."

"Well, go on."

"Gerald grew tyrannical in time, and was unreasonably and absurdly jealous if I even chatted for a moment with any other gentleman in his presence. He was indiscreet in his conduct too, would demand that I should go out to see him at times when he knew we were not allowed to go out, and would upbraid me for not coming. I lived in constant fear that my secret would be discovered. Day by day I discovered new faults in my husband; I saw how selfish he was, how unprincipled; in short, how *worthless*; and I grew to dread to see him. When six months had passed, my eyes were fully opened, and I saw how foolishly reckless my conduct had been; but it was too late. Gerald was changing in other ways. His manners, his language, grew bad; and I at length found that he was frequently intoxicated.

"Oh, Zillah!"

"My yoke almost maddened me. It is no wonder I grew haggard and hollow-eyed. But neither governesses nor schoolfellows suspected the cause. They called it overstudy; and I did indeed study hard those weeks, to keep up with the rest for the examination. Gerald grew worse. He offended one day against the laws of order, and got locked up by the police. One of his friends, speaking of it before me, said he had never in all his life known any young man who had succeeded in doing so in the rapid manner that Gerald Oakley had.

"Good heavens, child!"

"One day he dared to come to the college, and ask to see me. We were in the French room. Mrs. Harvey not understanding who it was, only that a visitor had asked for me, said I might go. Gerald was waiting in the reception-room. He had been drink-

ing, and was in a half-maudlin, half-reckless mood.

"'We have both been fools,' he said. 'I am as sick of it as you are, and I propose that we say quits. I got you into this, and I will let you off, without saying a word to anybody, if you will me. I could not take you with me, you see.'

"'Where are you going?' I gasped.

"'Over to Ireland; called away on business. Let it be so. I will go my way and you shall go yours, and we will never molest each other, and it shall be as if we had never met. The man who married us is dead, and the secret shall stay a secret between you and me. If I propose this, Zillah, it is your fault; and it is as much for your sake as mine; for you have learnt to hate me, and you know it.'"

"And what did you answer?"

"I seized upon his suggestion with eagerness, for death itself would have been preferable to life with him. I felt that my life was forever blighted, but it gave me a little relief to think he was willing to go and leave me in peace; and he went. He was true to his word, and never, I am sure, lisped the secret to a soul. To this day no living human knows or suspects what I have told you, save myself. For Gerald Oakley is dead. I saw his death in the paper that day when I cried out. It was he who was shot in that quarrel in Ireland, and killed. That newspaper is in my drawer here, and you can read what it says. I know I was wicked and sinful to feel so glad over such a death; but oh, Rachel, it was horrible to think I was his lawful wife, and that he might some time claim me. It was just like the nightmare all the time. And now tell me: do you think it wrong to keep this secret from Cliff? I cannot tell him, it seems to me, and he will never know it unless I do. *Need* I tell him?"

My eyes grew dim with tears of compassion as I looked down in the pleading eyes and agonized young face.

"The secret appears to be safe," I said, after thinking, "as the clergyman and Gerald are both dead. As to Mr. Proudleigh? —well, I hardly know. You should have told him this before accepting him."

"But I did not—I could not. Oh! Rachel, don't say I must tell him now!"

I did not say it. It was wrong of me, I know; but I so felt for Zillah. She covered my face with kisses.

And still the days went by, and every one brought Zillah's wedding-day nearer. She and Cliff seemed to me the happy lovers as ever walked in Paradise. It reminded me of the days long gone, when I—but this story is not about me. I knew that Zillah fairly worshipped Cliff with all the ardor of her nature, and he loved her with as pure a passion as man ever felt for woman. Her voice seemed to soar up to the clouds sometimes. I used to wonder when I heard her singing, if she went up to heaven in the night and learned her notes from the angels.

And so the winter melted away, and March came in. A lovely March, bright and mellow as May.

It wanted but two weeks to the wedding, when one evening Mr. Proudleigh came up later than usual. Zillah was at the piano, singing a new little song. She began it again for her lover.

"I should have been here earlier," he carelessly remarked as she finished; "but for having to go to Wexborough to-day on business."

"All the way to Wexborough?" exclaimed Zillah.

"I went by train. And when there, I met with an old acquaintance whom I had not seen since we were boys together—but he is younger than I. I should not have recognized him but for hearing his name called out. He was standing at the door of the Old Bull Inn, looking fearfully ill, and his arm in a sling."

"An accident, I suppose?"

"I suppose so, Rachel. He did not explain; only that he had been shot and injured inwardly, as well as having his arm broken. All he said to me about it was, that he had got into a quarrel some time ago, and it ended in his being shot."

"What's his name? Does he live at Wexborough?"

"No; he does not live there. Never, so far as I know, was there before. His name is Oakley—Gerald Oakley!"

A minute's pause; and then Zillah's hands seemed to be playing curious tunes with the keys. I ran up to save her from falling.

"She has been singing all the evening," I said, as they came round her, wonderingly, "and has overtaxed her strength. Ralph, open the window. It is only a fainting fit. And do you all please go out, and send Harriet in. Yes, even you, Mr. Proudleigh. She will get round quicker alone."

We got her upstairs to bed; and I kept everybody away from her, and took my own things to her room for the night. Mr. Proudleigh went home concerned.

Zillah's grief and despair were awful. I could not comfort her—how could I?—and I thought it would end in brain fever. For two or three days she stayed in bed. Her lover came over, but she would not see him. She would see no one but me. "What is the matter with her?" my father and the boys kept asking; and to that I only answered that she needed quiet and rest.

She would cover her face, and sob and moan, asking what she was to do, and wishing she could die. I was well-nigh crazed myself—my brain was in a whirl. At any time, as it seemed to me, we might expect to see Gerald Oakley. What else could he have gone to Wexborough for, but to come on to Zillah? I had had many a trial in my life, but none like this.

It was on the third afternoon that a note came from Mr. Proudleigh, to inquire how Zillah was, and to say that he should not be able to come before the next day. Poor Zillah tossed her burning head from side to side on the pillow as she read it.

"Don't, Zillah! Do try to be more calm. You will surely have a fever."

"I wish I could have one—and die!" was the answer. "Oh, what will become of me?—what will become of me?"

In despair, for she was worse than ever to-day, I sent for old Dr. Wall. Zillah feigned sleep when he came, and would not speak to him. But he saw her flushed face.

"What is she so excited over?" asked the old man. "This wedding of hers that's coming off? If so, the sooner it's over the better. I will send her a sedative."

She took the sedative; she did take that. "I wish it was a dose of laudanum," she cried, "that would put me to sleep forever!"

The next evening, as usual, Mr. Proudleigh came. My brothers were all out, my father was asleep, and I had to go down to him.

"Did you get my note yesterday, Miss Seaton?" he asked, after making inquiry after Zillah.

"Oh yes. Your servant brought it quite safely," I replied.

"I got a telegram from Wexborough this morning, asking me to go over to see the gentleman I told you of—Gerald Oakley. He was worse, and the landlord of the Bull telegraphed. I made what haste I could; but it was too late."

"What do you mean?—how too late?" I cried, my heart beating.

"When I got there poor Oakley was dead. He had died only ten minutes before."

I went to the open window, apparently to look at something; in reality to gasp away my emotion, and get a breath of fresh, cold air. "What was the matter with him?" I said, striving to appear calm and careless.

"That old inward injury he spoke of, the shot, had not healed, and there arose complications which speedily ended in death. Poor fellow! The landlord said he was most anxious to see me, as he had something on his mind that he wished to tell me, and also a will to make. He could do neither; death was too quick."

"No; Oakley did not disclose a word of it. Failing a will, his brother comes into his money. I am sorry for over the day after to-morrow to the funeral."

"Good-bye, Mr. Proudleigh," I said, when he was taking leave. "Yes, I will be sure to give your message and your love to Zillah; and I think she will soon be better now."

What news it was to carry to her!—joyful news for her, though sad in itself. When the first emotion was spent, Zillah cried softly. Cried, it seemed to me, the best part of the night.

"I shall tell all to Cliff Proudleigh now, Rachel," she said the following morning; "and leave it with him to forgive me, or to break with me, just as he sees best. Oh, never, never will I conceal anything again; not the smallest event in the world; these last few days have nearly killed me, and they will leave me a lesson for life."

Zillah chose an evening for the communication when her sister and lover were alone. The boys were out cricketing; I was driving my father up and down the green lanes in the pony-chaise. Seated by themselves at the open window in the twilight, she made her confession.

Did Cliff Proudleigh break with her? No; his love was true and deep, and he only gathered her to his heart with a greater sense of protection. The wedding was put off to autumn by Zillah's wish; and when my father and the boys, and all our friends and acquaintances wanted to know why, she told them she wanted to get a little stronger first.

But Mr. and Mrs. Proudleigh, who are prospering well, manifest a strong dislike to the new-fashioned independence that girls like to assume, and to the "colleges" that help to give it them. Never, I am quite sure, will their own daughters be sent to one, or be educated away from home.

A LIVELY DESCENT.

Visits to coal mines have often been described, but we have not met with a more graphic picture of the descent down the pit than the following given by "Drys" in a recent number of the Philadelphia *Times*.

The Audenried Colliery, about three miles out of Wilkesbarre, is one of the largest and finest, and perhaps the most dangerous, in this vicinity. The mining superintendent kindly offered to take me through it.

While the miner was putting our lamps in order, something in front of us kept flitting up and down, up on one side of the black shaft, down on the other, going so fast that it was impossible to tell what it was. It looked like agreat bat flying by at night and disappearing in the darkness.

"That," said the superintendent, "is the cage that we are to go down in. It is bringing up coal now, but it will stop for us in a few minutes."

Just then it skipped by again, going so fast that nobody could have guessed what it was. And as fast as one cage went up on one side loaded, its mate went down on the other side empty.

"Go down as fast as that?" the superintendent continued; "Oh, yes; there's no danger. The shaft is nine hundred feet deep and we go down sometimes in fifteen seconds; sometimes, when we're in no hurry, we take thirty seconds, sometimes, twenty. The engineer always knows when to stop it, and the only danger would be at the top and bottom.

Your correspondent suggested that as he wasn't in a hurry, he would just drop down the shaft.

"Oh, there isn't a particle of danger," replied the superintendent. "The sensation is rather pleasant. The men go down this way every morning and come back every night, and accidents are very rare."

The miner came out with our lamps ready lighted—little tin cans, with a spout on one side and a handle a foot long on the other. The cage stopped at our level with a jerk and we stepped on. It was a little platform, about six feet one way, by four the other, with a roof, and fitted into the shaft so nicely that a marble could hardly roll through.

DOWN WE GO.

The superintendent seized a little iron ring and pulled it twice (mine language for "lower"). His hand had hardly left the ring before a terrible rumbling began the cages make a deafening noise, and the floor began to sink from under us like a flash of lightning. The bottom was dropping out of everything. The wheels rolling against the sides, would have shamed a nor'easter on a coast. This sinking lasted for four or five seconds, then we seemed to stand still. Things had changed. We were not moving, but the sides of the shaft were going up, up, as if they had been shot out of a volcano. I wondered, for a second or two how long it would take at this rate, for the shaft to tear itself out of the mine entirely. It began to go faster than ever. There must have been about 840 miles of that shaft fired out already, and still it kept coming. It went up so fast, the shaft, that it began to perspire, and the spray flew over us. At this point (we had then gone down according to my calculation, about two thousand miles), I began to lose all interest in shafts and mines. Even the fear of the rope's breaking lost its hold. If the owner of that mine had suddenly appeared, and had cheerfully said: "Here, Drys, take it, it's all yours, shaft and all," I could only have answered "Stop the machine." Something inside began to whisper that I hadn't breathed since we started, and that it was about time for a little air. The thing began to rock, shaft, cage and all, and I am sure that sometimes we were entirely reversed, and we were travelling headformost. It was about this time, I think, that I began to get sick—but that's a painful subject, and we won't say any more about it. If, however, anybody has the slightest curiosity to know how soon a young man, in all the strength and bloom of youth, with good muscle, clear conscience, and coal dust in his eyes—how soon this young man can be tortured from top health, to the whirlingest, tearingest, insidiousest sickness that mortal ever wrestled with, let him go down the shaft of the Audenried Colliery.

WISDOM.—He who thinks no man above him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place, but will frequently emulate men in stations below him, and pity those nominally over his head.

A TRIBUTE.

BY DELMADI.

God sent an angel from the skies,
Who looked forth from a woman's eyes,
An angel's heart within her breast
Made it the haven of my rest,
But angel voices called her home,
And left me here on earth alone.

Oh! mother dear, with eyes of love
That look upon me from above,
Keep close my guardian angel beside,
That all may say when I have died
"Here lies his body below,
And now an angel's joys doth know."

WOMAN'S WIT.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

BY JOHN L. SIBBS.

CHAPTER I.

All the envious ones in the village of Stockport whispered and nodded significantly when Mr. George Peterson, bachelor, married Alice Thornton; and many were the uncharitable expressions uttered by the gossips in reference to the event.

"The old story; married him for his money," said one. "The old man's darling —May and December," said another. "Wants to be a rich widow as soon as possible," said a third. "Will step in after the old fool steps out!" cried still another, and thus idle tongues wagged and wagged ceaselessly for weeks and months until the event that called them forth was spent, Zillah cried softly. Cried, it seemed to me, the best part of the night.

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CHAPTER I.

All the envious ones in the village of Stockport whispered and nodded significantly when Mr. George Peterson, bachelor, married Alice Thornton; and many were the uncharitable expressions uttered by the gossips in reference to the event.

"The old story; married him for his money," said one. "The old man's darling —May and December," said another. "Wants to be a rich widow as soon as possible," said a third. "Will step in after the old fool steps out!" cried still another, and thus idle tongues wagged and wagged ceaselessly for weeks and months until the event that called them forth was spent, Zillah cried softly. Cried, it seemed to me, the best part of the night.

"I shall tell all to Cliff Proudleigh now, Rachel," she said the following morning; "and leave it with him to forgive me, or to break with me, just as he sees best. Oh, never, never will I conceal anything again; not the smallest event in the world; these last few days have nearly killed me, and they will leave me a lesson for life."

Zillah chose an evening for the communication when her sister and lover were alone. The boys were out cricketing; I was driving my father up and down the green lanes in the pony-chaise. Seated by themselves at the open window in the twilight, she made her confession.

Did Cliff Proudleigh break with her? No; his love was true and deep, and he only gathered her to his heart with a greater sense of protection. The wedding was put off to autumn by Zillah's wish; and when my father and the boys, and all our friends and acquaintances wanted to know why, she told them she wanted to get a little stronger first.

But Mr. and Mrs. Proudleigh, who are prospering well, manifest a strong dislike to the new-fashioned independence that girls like to assume, and to the "colleges" that help to give it them. Never, I am quite sure, will their own daughters be sent to one, or be educated away from home.

A LIVELY DESCENT.

Visits to coal mines have often been described, but we have not met with a more graphic picture of the descent down the pit than the following given by "Drys" in a recent number of the Philadelphia *Times*.

The Audenried Colliery, about three miles out of Wilkesbarre, is one of the largest and finest, and perhaps the most dangerous, in this vicinity. The mining superintendent kindly offered to take me through it.

While the miner was putting our lamps in order, something in front of us kept flitting up and down, up on one side of the black shaft, down on the other, going so fast that it was impossible to tell what it was. It looked like agreat bat flying by at night and disappearing in the darkness.

"That," said the superintendent, "is the cage that we are to go down in. It is bringing up coal now, but it will stop for us in a few minutes."

Just then it skipped by again, going so fast that nobody could have guessed what it was. And as fast as one cage went up on one side loaded, its mate went down on the other side empty.

"Go down as fast as that?" the superintendent continued; "Oh, yes; there's no danger. The shaft is nine hundred feet deep and we go down sometimes in fifteen seconds; sometimes, when we're in no hurry, we take thirty seconds, sometimes, twenty. The engineer always knows when to stop it, and the only danger would be at the top and bottom.

Your correspondent suggested that as he wasn't in a hurry, he would just drop down the shaft.

"Oh, there isn't a particle of danger," replied the superintendent. "The sensation is rather pleasant. The men go down this way every morning and come back every night, and accidents are very rare."

The miner came out with our lamps ready lighted—little tin cans, with a spout on one side and a handle a foot long on the other. The cage stopped at our level with a jerk and we stepped on. It was a little platform, about six feet one way, by four the other, with a roof, and fitted into the shaft so nicely that a marble could hardly roll through.

DOWN WE GO.

The superintendent seized a little iron ring and pulled it twice (mine language for "lower"). His hand had hardly left the ring before a terrible rumbling began the cages make a deafening noise, and the floor began to sink from under us like a flash of lightning. The bottom was dropping out of everything. The wheels rolling against the sides, would have shamed a nor'easter on a coast. This sinking lasted for four or five seconds, then we seemed to stand still. Things had changed. We were not moving, but the sides of the shaft were going up, up, as if they had been shot out of a volcano. I wondered, for a second or two how long it would take at this rate, for the shaft to tear itself out of the mine entirely. It began to go faster than ever. There must have been about 840 miles of that shaft fired out already, and still it kept coming. It went up so fast, the shaft, that it began to perspire, and the spray flew over us. At this point (we had then gone down according to my calculation, about two thousand miles), I began to lose all interest in shafts and mines. Even the fear of the rope's breaking lost its hold. If the owner of that mine had suddenly appeared, and had cheerfully said: "Here, Drys, take it, it's all yours, shaft and all," I could only have answered "Stop the machine." Something inside began to whisper that I hadn't breathed since we started, and that it was about time for a little air. The thing began to rock, shaft, cage and all, and I am sure that sometimes we were entirely reversed, and we were travelling headformost. It was about this time, I think, that I began to get sick—but that's a painful subject, and we won't say any more about it. If, however, anybody has the slightest curiosity to know how soon a young man, in all the strength and bloom of youth, with good muscle, clear conscience, and coal dust in his eyes—how soon this young man can be tortured from top health, to the whirlingest, tearingest, insidiousest sickness that mortal ever wrestled with, let him go down the shaft of the Audenried Colliery.

WISDOM.—He who thinks no man above him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place, but will frequently emulate men in stations below him, and pity those nominally over his head.

she had received upon a plan which she thought likely to bring about the desired result, and she hastened to execute it.

At nightfall she visited the invalid, and saying that she had an errand to do, would she give her permission to absent herself for half an hour.

"Certainly, my dear," was the feeble reply, as his eyes dwelt fondly on the sweet face which had grown pale with her duties the past two weeks. "Send Gregory here, he will keep me company while you are away."

Nothing suited her better than such an arrangement, for she feared the prying eyes of the scheme; and while she was in attendance in the sick chamber, she felt that she could go where she chose without fear of surveillance. Gregory was in the house, she knew, and being on amicable terms as a tactician she laid her plans carefully.

Selecting the requisite garments, she placed them conveniently at hand, and then, in her usual home dress she arose Gregory Peterson, and found him reading in the library.

"Your uncle requested me to tell you to come to his room," was all she said, and was out again before he arose from his chair; and entering her dressing-room donned her street dress and left the house before the young man entered the invalid's chamber.

Her plan was to be out of the house before her husband could explain that he called his nephew merely to take her place during her absence. "Had he been in the room out his suspicions might have prompted him to set a watch on me," thought she.

The young wife proceeded at once in the direction of Mr. Williams' office, (the only lawyer beside Joshua Tarlton, her husband's legal adviser) in the village.

She entered the office, and to her disappointment was informed by the young man in attendance that Mr. Williams was absent, but that he was expected in every moment.

"I shall wait," said the lady, and the young man invited her into an inner room where he placed a chair for her, then returned to the office again.

"What a handsome young man," was her mental remark.

"The finest looking woman I have seen yet in this town," thought the lawyer's clerk.

Mr. Williams soon after entered, and being informed of the lady's visit, he went into the room where she awaited him with some impatience.

Half an hour later Mrs. Peterson returned to her home, a smile of satisfaction, if not of triumph, resting on her face.

"If it comes to the worst, the scamp may take his share," said she to herself. "I shall at least have the widow's share, which will be sufficient for me."

* * * * *

Mr. Peterson lingered for a week longer and then departed this life calmly and peacefully. After the funeral services were completed, Mr. Tarleton arrived and announced that by the instructions of his deceased client he would now read the last will and testament of that person.

We will not enter into all the details, but confine ourselves to mentioning the principal portion of that document.

One-half of the estate was bequeathed to his nephew, (after one-third of it had been set apart for his wife unconditionally,) and the remainder he left also to his wife to be held by her as long as she retained the name of Peterson!

The eyes of the widow and Gregory met as the last words fell from the lawyer's lips. The young man's face wore a triumphant look which, however, partially vanished as he saw the glance of mingled scorn, triumph and defiance that met his own, where he expected to see only indignation and disappointment.

Had Alice not been partially prepared for what she feared would come to pass, his evil heart might have been gratified by such a manifestation; but as the readers may judge, she fared better than she had hoped, hence her defiant demeanor toward this man whom she now regarded as her enemy.

Several days passed, and Mr. Tarleton, with his clerk's assistance, was busily occupied in settling the estate, and when finally all was adjusted, and all demands paid, Mrs. Peterson settled herself for a good rest and a period of deep thought, laying plans for the future. Bright plans they evidently were, for her face wore a contented expression, and smiles occasionally dimpled her fair face.

"My patient, darling mother shall now have a home of ease," murmured the young widow. "She never intended on my husband since our marriage, because I wished it so in order to avoid invidious comments among this gossiping community. But now she shall come here and share my good fortune."

Alice Thornton was an orphan from childhood, and with her mother earned a precarious living in a distant village. The young girl came to Stockport because it afforded her better facilities for earning money than did her native town, which was but one-fourth as large as Stockport.

She kept up a faithful correspondence with her remaining parent, and sent her every penny needed for her necessities; and since her fortunate marriage, she took good care that her darling mother should share a part at least of the good fortune, which she was enabled to do without exceeding her rights or overstepping her duty as a wife, by the liberal allowance of her husband.

She had written to her and joyfully and eagerly awaited the hour when she could once more embrace her dear mother.

Mrs. Peterson had engaged Mr. Williams as her legal adviser. She had no fault to find with her late husband's attorney; but the fact that he was employed by her enemy, Gregory Peterson, made her decide to place her business in the hands of the gentleman who sympathized with her, and gave her wholesome advice when she came to him in her trouble in connection with the will of Mr. Peterson.

Besides, her thoughts often reverted to the day when she first saw the handsome young man in the office, and she felt a strange fluttering at her heart whenever she recalled that meeting.

She had been introduced to him by Mr. Williams, and found the young man both intelligent and unassuming. His name was Howard Malcolm, and he was an orphan like herself.

Woman like, she soon noticed that he seemed confused when she addressed him, and her heart whispered "he admires you," and she reasoned that from admiration to love there is but a step or two.

The arrival of her mother put to flight these pleasant reveries, and Alice was all devotion to her for days and weeks, and as she introduced her to such of her friends with whom she was most intimate, it soon became known that Mrs. Peterson's mother had come to share her daughter's home, and the idle tongues of uncharitable persons wagged again.

But what cared Alice Peterson. She was wealthy and happy with her mother, so let scandal-mongers indulge in their gossip; it had no power to affect either her reputation or her position in society.

Days, weeks and months passed, and they were days of peace to the young widow. During this time she met Howard Malcolm frequently in society, and she appreciated him more every time they met.

Mr. Williams watched the growing intimacy of these young people with mingled pleasure and pain; with pleasure, because he loved Howard as though he had been his own son, and he held Mrs. Peterson in the highest esteem. But it pained him to think that in the event of their marriage, Gregory Peterson, whom he detested, would become the possessor of the best part of the fair estate now held by the young widow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REVIEWS.

THE winning of a wife is one of those purely personal matters about which everybody is privileged to interest himself—not merely as to the winning of his own, but as to how everybody else proceeded and succeeded. Perhaps the fact that it's nobody's business increases that of the parties specially concerned, adds zest to the pursuit of such knowledge. At any rate, courtship and marriage furnish the staple of most novels, especially of successful ones; and as no two experiences are precisely alike in this regard, the field is practically exhaustless. However, not everybody can tell the "old story" in an attractive way; he who does so may be sure of a wide hearing. Mr. Harry Smart has done this in a double-barreled volume entitled "Courtship in 1720 and 1860. He gives first a lively picture of the peril of love in the time of Frederic the Great, when a rival could be spirited away by kidnappers, to serve in the army, and shows that woman's courage and wit, inspired by love, were as victorious then as now. Following this is a brightly-colored sketch of modern proceedure in the lists of love, where a magnanimous guardian endeavors to forward the wishes of his ward and her lover, and finally succeeds in a way very satisfactory to the ward, to himself and to the reader. This is the initial volume of "The Star Series" of novels just begun by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, and 2 give good promise of a collection that shall be worthy the name. Price $1.00.

TO TELL a story so that it's highest improbabilities seem if possible more true than truth itself, is an achievement which none have reached more fully than Jules Verne. The secret of his power in this direction, lies largely in his minute attention to circumstantial details, which like the almost impalpable threads of the spiders web, fasten the attention, and wind themselves about the apprehension so that the reader is held, without violence, but none the less securely. His recent work "Michael Strogoff, or the Courier of the Czar," relates the adventures of the hero in his journey to Siberia with an imperial dispatch, through hordes of perfidious tribes, in which he encounters danger and disaster, from secret and open foes, from the elements, and from his nearest friends. Enough of fortunate accidents are thrown into the central figures to suffice for half a dozen demigods of the ancient times. The boldness of the hero is well relieved by the constancy and endurance of a loving girl who accompanied him. The pair win their way through all obstacles, and a happy end is reached. In addition to the interest of this story, the work is valuable, as giving many detailed descriptions geography, history, and customs. The volume is profusely illustrated with well executed engravings, is handsomely bound, and well worthy the attention of a house that excels in excellent bookmaking. (New York, Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Price $1.00

The Popular Science Monthly opens with "The Trial of Galileo" from the French of Henri Meziores, in which are details of great interest. Prof. A. C. Young of Dartmouth College contributes a valuable paper on the "Distance and Dimensions of the Sun." "Education as a science" by Alexander Bain D. D. and "Physiology of Mind Reading" by George M. Beard, M. D., will command wide attention. Other valuable features complete a most interesting number.

LEAVES FROM MY SCRAP BOOK.

BY FANNY J. RAYMOND.

Principles are very important, but they need to be adorned by the graces to render them attractive.—*Anon.*

A lady may always judge of the estimation in which she is held by the conversation which is addressed to her.—*Miss Edgeworth.*

No good that the humblest of us has wrought ever dies. There is one long unerring memory in the universe, out of which nothing ever fades.

No man has a right to ask a woman to become his wife unless he has paved the way, by caution and forethought, to a comfortable home for her.—*F. W. Robinson.*

I never knew a man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian.—*Pope.*

If we waited until it was perfectly convenient, half the good actions of life would never be accomplished.—*Alice B. Haven.*

To purchase Heaven, has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life, can love be bought with gold?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
No: all these gifts are blest as air,
Fair virtue gives unbridled, unbought.
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage the mind.
—*Dr Johnson.*

LONDON.

The metropolis of the British Empire, the largest city the world ever saw, covers, with its fifteen miles radius of Charing cross, nearly 700 square miles, and numbers within these boundaries 4,000,000 of inhabitants. It comprises 100,000 foreigners from every region of the globe. It contains more Jews than the whole of Palestine, more Roman Catholics than Rome itself, more Irish than Dublin, more Scotchmen than Edinburgh. The port of London has every day on its waters 1,000 ships and 9,000 sailors. Upward of 120 persons are added to the population daily, or 40,000 yearly, a birth taking place every five minutes, and a death every eight minutes. On an average, 28 miles of streets are opened, and 9,000 new houses built every year. In its postal districts there is a yearly delivery of 238,000,000 of letters. On the police register there are the names of 120,000 habitual criminals, increasing by many thousands every year. More than one-third of all the crime of the country is committed in London, or at least brought to light there. There are as many beer-shops and gin palaces as would, if their fronts were placed side by side, reach from Charing Cross to Portsmouth, a distance of seventy-three miles, and 38,000 drunkards are annually brought before its magistrates. The shops open on Sundays would form streets sixty miles long. It is estimated that there are above 1,000,000 of the people who are practically heathen, wholly neglecting the ordinances of religion. At least 900 additional churches and chapels would be required for the wants of the people.

NEWS NOTES.

THE epizootic has made its appearance among horses in Franklin county, in this State.

PERSIA fears the coming of another famine, and the exportation of food has been forbidden.

THE number of passengers annually transported over the New York city railways is over 165,000,000.

THE University of South Carolina, at Columbia, has at present sixty-five students, sixty of whom are negroes.

A BILL for the removal of the State Capitol to Philadelphia is under discussion in the House of Representatives at Harrisburg.

NEW JERSEY received last year $3,163,-670, spent $3,167,686, and owes only $936,950 more than the sinking fund assets.

A New York firm is about sending to Australia four locomotive for use on the grounds of the Government of New South Wales.

VALUABLE veins of lead and zinc have been opened in Blair county, Penna., and preparations are being made to work them on a large scale.

THE proprietors of the Brooklyn Theatre, lately burned, intend erecting a new theatre on the old site. The new house will have a seating capacity of 1200.

A NOVEL sleighing party started from Scranton the other day. It was composed of ladies, who, in order to be eligible, had to slip the bonnet at 200 paces.

JUDGE STRONG of the United States Supreme Court, decides that the claim of the stockholders of the Exhibition takes the precedence of the claim of the government.

FOUR hundred thousand oranges are lately arrived in New Zealand from California, in splendid condition, and were distributed in different parts of the colony.

CHARLES KNORRLEIN, residing in Lehigh county, Pa., during one of the late excessively cold nights walked three miles in his sleep and escaped with no very serious consequences.

A FEMALE lawyer in London has been awarded the Joseph Hume scholarship in jurisprudence by the Council of University College. She is making her way in such active business at the law as is allowed to persons who are called to the bar; and women are not permitted to aspire to that as yet.

IN Massachusetts last year the shoe and leather industry was larger than ever before in the history of that trade, the shipments from Boston exceeding those for 1875 by over 70,000 cases, and those of 1874 by 130,000 cases. The total reported shipments for 1876 are 1,521,305 cases.

THE grand jury of New York has devised an amendment to the statute against duelling, providing that any person offending against the act shall be a competent witness against any other person offending in the same transaction, and that his testimony, however, that such testimony shall not be used against the person so testifying.

THE Suez canal route is now taken by 24 regular lines of steamers employing 224 vessels, of an aggregate burthen of 500,447 tons. The company which employs the greatest number of vessels on this route is the Peninsula and Oriental, with 46; the Messagories Nationales (French) and the Austrian Lloyd's have each 18.

A DENMARK brewer named Jacobsen has set aside the sum of one million crowns ($300,000), one-half of the interest of which is to be applied in continuing the chemico-physiological laboratory established by him in connection with his brewery. The other half intended to promote the study of the natural sciences, mathematics, philosophy, history and languages.

THE survey of Palestine is to be completed this season by the Exploration Society of London. This party, under four non-commissioned officers, will lead the expedition. The northern portion of the Holy Land, including Galilee, will be surveyed as well as will the ground cut and restored, and the exploration of two sections further south will be completed.

THE revolutionists in Cuba have gained two more victories, said to be important ones, over the Spanish forces. The seventh year of the war is dragging on slow length along, and the tiers of the Antilles is having an unhappy time of it. The matter is as fit a subject for an International Co-ference as is the condition of Turkey; but doubtless the cause of Spain would be the same as that of the Porte.

PETERSBURG merchants bought up all petroleum (naptha) offered for sale at the last fair in Nishni-Novgorod, and thus control nearly the whole domestic foreign and home petroleum in Russia. This operation renders kerosene almost a monopoly, and most fabulous prices can be demanded by the owners of it. This will be especially felt for the Russian capital, so blessed with long winter nights, and newspapers resound with bitter complaints.

THE British steamer "Tagus," 1400 tons, was lying, a few days ago, at New Haven, Conn., taking on board a large invoice of arms and general war material for the Turkish government. This invoice is valued at about $3,000,000, and is the third of the kind that has been sent forward. The rest of the outfit for the army is to be furnished is with the Providence Tool Company. It was entered into about a year ago, and will amount in all to about $15,000,000.

THE production of quicksilver in California has increased in some measure during the past two years that it has attracted the attention of all interested in the article throughout the world. The receipts for the year have been 63,928 and the exports 49,010 flasks. In addition to the receipts there, probably about 600 flasks were shipped direct from the mines to Nevada, thus bringing up the total production to over 70,000 flasks, a gain in round numbers of from 12,000 to 15,000 flasks over 1875. The exports in 1875 were 34,844 flasks, or 13,066 less than in 1876.

JAMES BROOKS, of the government secret service, who caused the arrest, a few days since, of John McKernan and wife, of Cincinnati, for dealing in counterfeit money, and of Miles Ogle for manufacturing, has induced the latter to make a confession, and by this means obtained possession of over one hundred finely-executed plates. Among them were plates for the manufacture of ten-dollar notes on banks at Richmond, Lafayette and Muncie, Ind. He also recovered 40,000 counterfeit fifty-cent pieces, which were found buried near Brighton, a suburb of Cincinnati. These pieces so closely resemble the genuine that none but experts could distinguish the difference between them.

AS THE LIVER IS EASILY DISORDERED, more or less Bilious Distress prevails at this season of the year. Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills restore the Liver to healthy action, and remove all Biliousness.

THE THREE CALLERS.

Morn called coyly to a fair boy straying
"Id golden meadows rich with clover dew,
She calls—but he still thinks of naught save playing;
And so she smiles, and leaves him Adieu!
Whilst he, still merry with his flowers before,
Dreams not that Morn, sweet Morn! returns no more.

Noon comely—but the boy to manhood grow-ing,
Hears not the time—he sees but one sweet form,
One young fair face, from bower of jasmine glowing,
And all his loving heart with bliss is warm;
No Noon, unnoticed, seeks the western shore,
And man forgets that Noon can retu-rn no more.

Night tarpeth gently as a casement gleaming
While the thin firelight, flickering and low,
By which a gray-haired man is sadly dream-ing
Over pleasures gone—as all life's pleasures go;
Night calls him to her—as he leaves his door,
Silent and dark—and he returns no more.

EDINA.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

[This story was commenced in No. 15. Vol 25. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXVI.

FRANK RAYNOR FOLLOWED.

Poor Major Raynor! He was never to be subjected to this trouble, or to any other trouble in this world. It was past six when Frank got back to Eagles' Nest, and he found his uncle dying. The attack that was dreaded had seized on him about an hour before, just twelve hours after the first threatening in the morning; and there was little, if any, hope.

"Oh, my dear," gasped Mrs. Raynor in her pitiable distress, letting her head fall on Frank's shoulder, as her tears rained down, "it is so sudden! if he could but recover consciousness, and speak to us!"

"Aunt," he said, her own eyes misty, "don't you think we had better send for Edina? She would be a comfort to you."

"Edina!" was the sobbing answer. "My dear, she was telegraphed for this morning. Lamb went to the station just after you left. I know she would come off at once; she is on her way now. I could never bear up under this trouble without Edina."

"But she does not know of the worse trouble," thought Frank, looking on Mrs. Raynor with misty eyes. "It must be broken to her by Edina."

The whole house was steeped in grief—Major Raynor had died at dawn. As most houses are, when a near and dear relative is removed; and the anguish is more keenly felt if the blow, as in this case, falls suddenly. Edina was a treasure now; she had traveled by night and was early at Eagles' Nest. Mourning with them sincerely, she at the same time strove to cheer. She was prepared of a blessed meeting hereafter, where there shall be no parting; she would not let them sorrow without hope. Even Mrs. Raynor felt comforted: and the little children dried their ready tears, saying that their dear papa was with the angels in heaven, and they should go to him when God saw that they were good enough.

But of that other misfortune none of the household yet knew. Frank took an opportunity of revealing it to Edina. It nearly overwhelmed even her.

"Eagles' Nest not theirs!" she cried in a dread whisper. "Eagles' Nest George Atkinson's!"

"And the worst of it is," returned Frank, running through a brief summary of the details he had heard, "that he means to exact his rights at once, and take immediate possession of the place as soon as he lands. Did you not know this George Atkinson once, Edina?"

"Yes—a little," she answered, a faint blush tingeing her cheek at the remembrance.

"Was he selfish and hard then?"

"I cannot quite tell, he did not appear to me to be so."

"Perhaps not. He was young then: and men get harder as they get older. But now, Edina, what is to be done? They will have to turn out of this house, and where will they find another?"

The problem seemed to be as hard as was that gentleman, now on his homeward voyage: George Atkinson. Edina sat in an attitude of almost despair as she tried to solve it; her hands folded quietly on her black dress; her usually calm, good face perplexed; her steady eyes anxious. The unexpected blow had fallen on her sharply; and in these first moments it was a hard task to battle with it. Suddenly lifting her two hands, she laid them on the smooth brown hair on either side her temples—as if she felt a pain there. So far as she or any one else, could see, the Raynors would not have a penny piece to fall back upon; no income of any kind, more or less. The Major's annuity had died with him.

"They are all so helpless!" she murmured.

"Of course they are," assented Frank. "Not that that it makes it any worse or better."

"It makes it all the worse," said Edina. Were they experienced and capable, they might do something or other to earn a living."

A whole world of surprise shone in the candid blue eyes of Frank Raynor. "Earn a living!" he exclaimed. "Who would earn it?"

"All of them who are old enough," said Edina. "Mrs. Raynor and Alice, to begin with."

"Surely you cannot think of such a thing for them, Edina!"

"But how else will they exist, Frank? Who will keep them? Charley will never be able to do it."

A blank pause. Frank, brought thus practically face to face with the position, was unable to answer.

"I wish to goodness I could keep them!" he exclaimed at length; "I wish I had a practice and a house over my head! They should all come to it."

He was surprised me very much indeed, Frank—to go from the other subject for a moment—that you have not sought to establish yourself all this time."

"I was waiting for some money to do it with, Edina. Poor Uncle Francis was constantly expecting those lost funds to turn up. It seems they would have belonged to George Atkinson if they had come to light, but we could not have known that."

"Your Uncle blamed you for it, Frank. 'Better for him to take a situation as an assistant, than to fritter away his days at Eagles' Nest,' he used often to say."

Frank made no reply. The mention of his Uncle Hugh brought vividly to his mind that last ominous letter of warning he had received from him. With his usual incaution he spoke on the moment's impulse.

"Is Blase Pellet at Tremnach still?"

Not quite immediately did Edina answer. Raising his eyes, he met hers fixed on him. And he saw something in their depths that he did not like; an anxious, questioning, half-terrified expression.

"Edina knows about it," thought he. And he turned as cold as the frost in winter.

"Yes, Blase Pellet is there as usual," she replied, averting her eyes. "And Mrs. Bell has left Tremnach for good and is gone to live at Falmouth."

Why, the very answer; that last sentence, added gratuitously; would of itself have been enough to betray her cognizance. Else why should she mentally have connected the Bells with Blase Pellet? Frank quitted the topic abruptedly.

* * * * * * *

Not until after the funeral—which took place, as was deemed expedient, on the fourth day from the death—were the tidings of their penniless state conveyed to Mrs. Raynor and the rest. How Charles had contrived to keep counsel he never knew. He was looked upon as the successor to Eagles' Nest. Servants and others came to him perpetually for directions—Is this to be done, sir; is the other to be done; treating him as the master.

Mrs. Raynor received the news incredulity, astonishment contending with disbelief. Alice burst into tears; Alfred went into a passion. They talked foolishly at first, say-ing they would go to law; the newly-found will should be disputed; the property flung into Chancery. The only two, capable of bringing reason to bear upon the matter, were Frank and Edina; and they might have been as bad as the rest, had the tidings only just burst upon them. They pointed out how worse than futile any opposition would be. Not a shadow of doubt could exist that the second will was perfectly correct and legal, and that the whole of the property belonged to George Atkinson.

On the second day after Frank's return from London, while the poor Major lay dead in the house, Charles received an official letter from Street the lawyer. It gave in detail the particulars already known, as connected with the new will, and stated that Mr. George Atkinson was then on his voyage to Europe; with sundry other statements and hints. This letter Frank read aloud to them.

"You see," he said, "even our own lawyer gives in. He says not a word about opposition. No, there's no help for it; Eagles' Nest must go from us. But I think old Aunt Atkinson ought to have been ashamed of herself."

"She must have been dreadfully wicked," sobbed Alice.

One thing they did not tell Mrs. Raynor —that she would be responsible for the money received (and spent) during the past twelve-month. The claim was not yet made; would not be until Mr. George Atkinson's arrival; time enough to tell her then.

What their plans were to be, or where they could go, or how it was the subject of many an anxious thought, as the days passed on. Edina suggested this and that; but poor Mrs. Raynor and Alice shrunk from all. As yet they could not realize the near loss of Eagles' Nest as they would be, and instinctively shunned the anticipation.

But upon none did the blow fall so bitterly as upon Charles. He was suddenly flung from his lofty position on the height of a pinnacle, to its base. A few days ago he was an independent gentleman, an undergraduate at Oxford, the heir to Eagles' Nest; now all these desirable accessories had melted away like icicles in the sunbeams. He must work for a living if he were to live; he must take his name off the college books, a fatal omen to return to it; he must, for his mind's best peace, forget that there was such a place as Eagles' Nest.

Work for a living! How was he to do anything of the kind, he asked himself. And, even were he willing, and the work presented itself, (some charming, rose-colored vision of a sinecure post, would now and again present itself indistinctly to his imagination) how would he be free to fulfil it, with those wretched debts hanging at his heels.

One little matter did surprise Charles—he heard nothing of Huddles. He had fully expected that within a day or two of that worthy man's departure, certain sharks of the law, or—as he seemed to prefer to call them—lawyers, would attack him. But nothing of the kind occured. The days went on and on, and Charles was still not interfered with.

About a fortnight after the death of Major Raynor, a letter arrived from Mr. Street. And by the way, talking of the Major's death, what a grievous farce his will seemed when it was read. Eagles' Nest was bequeathed to Charles, with liberty to Mrs. Raynor to reside in it for the next ten years; after that, if Charles should deem it expedient that she should leave with the younger children. He was charged to provide her with a home. The Major recommended that a portion of the lost money, when found, should be put out at interest, and allowed to accumulate for her benefit. Quite a number of legacies did away in small bequests. This much to one child, that to another; some to Edina, some to Frank—and so on. The horses and carriages, the plate, furniture, pictures, orders, and trinkets, with sundry other personal things that had come to him with Eagles' Nest, were left to Mrs. Raynor. All this, when read, sounded like a painful farce, a practical joke. Those things were all George Atkinson's; and, of the bequeathed money, the poor Major possessed not a shilling to bequeath.

Lower Street wrote to say that Mr. George Atkinson was come, and had held a business interview with them. Mr. Atkinson, he hinted, was not inclined to deal harshly with Mrs. Raynor, but firmly, but patiently. He gave them one month in which to vacate Eagles' Nest, when he should him-to the money spent in the past twelvemonth self go into possession of it; and with regard which did in reality belong to him, and to the mesne profits, he made no claim. Let them go out of his house quietly, and he should say nothing about arrears.

The conditions were, perhaps, as favorable as could be expected from a man of the world, cruelly hard though they sounded to the Raynors. They thought, taking all circumstances into consideration—his own wealth, which must be accumulating yearly, and his non-relationship to the former mistress of Eagles' Nest, and consequently non-claim in justice to inherit it—that Mr. Atkinson should have quietly resigned it to them, and left them in undisturbed possession of it. Frank once hearing Charley say this, shook his head. *He* should have done this himself, he said, were he George Atkinson; but he feared the world, as a whole, would not; we did not live in Utopia.

And now came in the practical good sense of Edina. After allowing them a day to mourn and grieve, she begged them to listen to her ideas for the future. She had been thinking a great deal, but could only hit upon one plan that seemed at all feasible. It was, that Mrs. Raynor and Alice should establish a school. Alice, a well-educated girl, good musician, and otherwise accomplished, would be of valuable aid in teaching.

Three weeks ago, they would—Alice, at any rate—have turned from the proposition with indignation. But those three weeks had been working their natural effect; and neither Mrs. Raynor nor Alice spoke a dissenting syllable. They had begun to realize the bitter fact that they must work to live. The world lay before and around them; a cold, cruel, and indifferent world, as it now seemed to them; and they had not a shelter for their heads. A ladies' school would be less objectionable than some things, and certainly preferable to starving. Setting up a shop, for instance, or taking to a boarding-house. It was Edina who thought of these unpleasant resources, and Alice did not thank her for it. Poor Alice had lessons to learn yet. It is true that Alice might go out as a governess, but that would not be keeping Mrs. Raynor and the young ones.

"I see only one objection to this school plan of yours, Edina," spoke poor Mrs. Raynor, who was the first to break the silence which had ensued, as Edina's voice ceased; while Alice with her red-rimmed eyes, wet eyelashes, and an aching heart. "And that is, that I do not know how it is to be accomplished. We have no money and no furniture. It would require cheque to take a house in some favorable situation, as you suggest; but how is it to be furnished?"

Edina did not immediately answer. Perhaps like Frank, she was never too much for herself. She sat in thought; her steadfast eyes gazing out with a far-away look over the beautiful landscape, that they were so soon to lose.

"Aunt," she began

THE MAGIC HORSE.

BY FLORY WOOD.

One day a young man was walking by himself along a lonely country road. He looked very, very sad, and said, half aloud:

"All the day long I journey on by myself, and have no companions; I am tired of it."

At that moment he lifted his eyes and saw close by under a tree an old hag of a woman. She had a long nose and long fingers, and sharp, wicked eyes, like a witch. She was dressed in heaps of dirty rags. By her side stood a wooden clothes-horse, and with her long bony fingers she placed a piece of rag across the top bar.

"Why do you look so sad this fine day?" the old hag asked of the young man.

"Because," said he, "I am a poor man, and have to travel alone. I shall be forgotten when I am dead, and, worse luck, no one notices me when alive."

"That can soon be altered," said the hag. "What is your name?"

"My name is Mygx," answered he.

"Then, if you want to have some companions and be taken notice of, get upon this horse and ride away."

"But the wooden towel-horse cannot carry me!"

"Bah!" cried the hag; "a horse is a horse. Besides, how can you tell till you try? Get up!"

So Mygx thought he would at least try the towel-horse. The hag helped him up, and he sat on the piece of rag for a saddle across the top rail; but the seat was very sharp and uncomfortable. However, no sooner was he up, than the horse began to prance on his two wooden legs, and, as soon as the old hag let go of it, off it went at a gallop.

"This is fine," thought Mygx. "I have got a horse for nothing and I can keep it for nothing, for whoever heard of a wooden horse wanting hay or corn?"

Very soon he came to a village. Just outside there was a very dirty boy pitching straw into a dung-cart.

"Hurrah!" cried the boy, and he began to run behind Mygx with his pitch-fork.

In the market-place of the village there were some country folk trying to sell their pigs. When Mygx came by, all the people and the pigs, big and little, began to notice him, and to run after him and the magic horse.

The men and women, some on foot and some on their market-carts, came after him, calling and screaming, and the pigs came squealing.

In the middle of the village there was a marriage procession. Twelve little girls in white, with flowers in their hands; and the bride in white with a large bouquet, and the bridegroom in a blue coat with brass buttons, looking very happy.

No sooner did they see Mygx and the magic horse, than the bride and bridegroom and all their friends, began running alongside the wooden horse, among the pigs and market-people. As they went down the street, the people ran out of their doorways, and some jumped out of the window to join the crowd.

The roadway was filled with people and animals. A flock of sheep came racing down the hillside and joined them. A lot of bullocks rushed in, too, and pushed their way near to Mygx with their horns. Up came the hens and chickens, the ducks and the geese, and the dogs and cats, the rats and mice—all running along as well as they could, and too eager to think of stealing one another. The birds of the air joined, too, and made a cloud over the throng until the sun was hidden—larks and crows, owls and hawks, and the bees, too, and the flies, wasps, and gnats.

At first Mygx was very proud of his company.

"See what notice is taken of me!" he thought; "the people run after me as though I were a king or a conqueror."

But he began to wish they would not run so far, especially the dirty people and the animals.

"My good people," he cried out; "you may go back now; you will get tired."

But on they came, puffing and screaming, for in good truth they could not stop, because of the magic of the towel-horse.

In the distance a very wise old man in a house saw the clouds of smoke and the myriads of birds.

"Here is a new kind of storm," thought he, and he got his telescope. Then he could see the men and women, the boys and girls, racing along among the pigs and sheep.

"It is a mob of mad people," he cried. "How much better it is to be wise like me."

But at that moment he looked through the telescope and saw the towel-horse. Off he started, puffing and blowing—for he was very fat; but he could only join in the end of the crowd, among the lame cows and wabbling pigs in the thick dust, because he was not strong enough to push his way through.

On galloped the magic towel-horse. Though the top bar was covered with a rag for a saddle, it was of hard and sharp that Mygx grew quite sore and miserable; and he was nearly stunned by the noise of the crowds by his side, and behind him.

They came to a town; out ran the people from their shops and houses. A magistrate looked out of the window of the courthouse, and ran after the horse, with the thieves and the policeman. A lot of wise men were sitting in a *speech-house*, making laws—out they all ran to join the mob.

Outside the town, on a hill-side, the king was reviewing his army. He heard the noise like thunder and saw the dust like battle-smoke.

"It is an invasion!" cried the king. "Soldiers get ready to fire!"

Mygx and the towel-horse rode along the bottom of the hill; all the soldiers began to race after him, and the king puffing in the midst of them, without his crown.

"I don't want any more of you!" cried Mygx in a rage. "I would rather be alone."

But on they all came, so that you could not see the ground for miles around.

"I will see if I can't stop all this," cried Mygx, and he gave the towel-horse a good pull, and turned it toward a river.

The magic horse swam through; of course, it could do this easily, because it was of wood. And the bullocks and horses, and dogs swam over, and some of the pigs and sheep. A great many of the people were drowned: the king, and the parson, and a lot of the wise men, and the market people, and very many children.

It was a sad sight. But Mygx was glad, for he was left nearly alone.

Soon he came to another town, and the crowd was greater than before, and he grew deaf, ill, and angry. Also he was very hungry, but he could get nothing to eat.

Many times he tried to get down, but the towel-horse galloped too fast, and would not stop still, and Mygx did not like to throw himself off and break his neck.

"I would rather die of hunger a-riding," he said, "than be trampled to death under those beasts and men."

So on he went all day and night. The next day he was nearly dead with bumping and want of sleep. But he could not stop the horse; he could not keep back the crowds that continued to follow. He could not tell how to break the spell. Mygx groaned with trouble and said:

"I wish I had not got on the horse till I knew more about it. I was a fool to trust that old hag."

The next day the spell was broken. This was a good thing, for if he had kept on galloping, all the world would be galloping after him to this day, and greater harm might have happened. This is how the spell was broken:

At last there was a man who did not run. It was not because he was more wise than the rest; but he was blind and could not hear the noise. So he stood still. Then the towel-horse pranced around him, and stood still, too.

All the crowds and multitudes of people and animals, of course, had to run round in a great circle, like the tail of a comet, and then they began to stand still, too.

Mygx got off and began to rub himself.

"Where is the golden chariot?" cried some of the people.

"Where is the angel with blue wings?" cried another.

"Where is the king with seven crowns?"

This is what the people began to cry out, when they had breath enough to speak.

"There was nothing but this towel-horse," Mygx explained, "and it was only I who rode on it."

Then the crowd grew very angry, and talked with one another what they should do.

The cows and horses, pigs and sheep, chickens and geese, began to sniff and snuffle, as much as to say: "Where is the hay, and the grass, and the milk, and the tit-bits to eat and to drink?"

"You had better make haste home, my good people," said Mygx, "for I am afraid you have come out of your way."

Then they all laughed savagely and laid hands on Mygx and the towel-horse.

"Why, this is only a common fellow," they cried. "And this is only a piece of wood."

Then they broke up the magic horse and beat Mygx to death with the pieces, and made a fun-fire of the wood, and burnt it up, and the body of Mygx.

But for the blind man, they said he was the wisest man that lived, and they crowned him king of those parts. But the end of the story came afterwards. A lot of wise men make a journey to that place, and found Mygx's burnt bones, and built a grand tomb, and put up a great piece of wood on it in memory of the magic horse, and there it remains to this day.

When all this was done, the old hag made a call to that place.

"In his life he was noticed," she said to herself and smiled, "and after death he was not forgotten."

COURT ETIQUETTE.

Although the origin of court etiquette is traceable to Phillip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, it was in Spain that its fantastic growth was most luxuriant. A story is told of the wife of Charles II, who, catching her foot in the stirrup as she fell off her horse, remained in a helpless condition in the presence of forty-three attendants. Motionless stood the attendants, and helpless hung the royal lady, because the squerry was out of the way whose duty it was to unhook the queen's ankle on such occasions. A passer-by who ventured to release her Majesty was rewarded with gold for his services, but condemned to exile for his indiscretion. In France the King could not visit a sick person in bed unless a second bed was prepared for his Majesty to occupy during the visit, since no subject could have been suffered to lie down while his sovereign was in a horizontal position. In this way Louis XIII visited Richelieu, and le Grande Monarque condoled with Marshal Villars after a wound received at Malplaquet.

At Versailles, when Marie Leczinska was fretting because she were interdicted on the occasion of court mourning, she was relieved by a courtier's assurance that "the game of piquet was deep mourning." In England, at the present day, we have a Heraldic College to settle who shall walk first in a procession; an important point, considering that there are ninety ranks of men classed in order of precedence from a sovereign to a burgess.

Pope Julius II drew up a list of precedence among European sovereigns, twenty-six in number, of whose titles it is noteworthy that four only exist in their old form—the Icon Emperor of Germany, the Most Christian King of England, Spain and Portugal. It is easy to understand that ceremonial would hold especial tyranny in the strict circle of diplomacy. In 1661 the Count de Fuensy, afterwards the French Ambassador in the streets of London, hamstrung his horses and killed his men, merely in order to get to court before his rival. In certain cases every detail of diplomatic usage is regulated in the strictest equality. Thus, we have seen the French and Imperialist envoys balancing step at the door of the Rywick Council-chamber; and we have seen the Duke de Luis de Haro met to settle the marriage of Louis XIV with Maria Theresa, the two ministers stepped side by side into a room hung in correspondings halves with their respective colors, and sat down at the same instant on undistinguishable chairs.

The First Napoleon was foolishly tenacious of precedence, and one year seized every copy of the *Almanach de Gotha* because, in accordance with its custom of alphabetical arrangement, the list of reigning houses therein published was headed Anhalt Dutchies, and not Napoleon.

Among other curiosities of court etiquette, it will not be commonly known that an ambassador still has the privilege, though never used, of putting on his hat in the presence of the sovereign when he reads his reception speech.

Maritime ceremonial was far more important than other forms, as being at one time the measure of maritime supremacy, and based on the theory that salutes should render the saluter temporarily powerless. In the time of James I, England insisted upon the disappearance of the flags and sails of all other ships as a salute to her own; and it was not until the end of last century that the resistance and disputes caused by such an overbearing requisition were finally settled, through the agreement of France and Russia to dispense with maritime salutes in any form. At this day they are pure acts of courtesy between ships of war.

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HERE AND THERE.

A HOBOKEN woman is so cleanly that she uses two rolling pins, one for the pie crust and the other for her husband's head.

"MAMMA," said the old lady's daughter, "don't you think that modern table is out of place in that ancient picture?" "Oh! ha, no. They had modern tables in them days, as well as now."

A LITTLE boy was much exercised for fear he would not know his father when he got to heaven, but his mother eased his mind by saying: "All you will have to do is to look for an angel with a red nose."

BURLINGTON *Hawkeye*: The other day some of the boys induced a young man from Flint creek to take hold of the handles of a galvanic battery. As it quickly sizzled him up he roared, "Jimmy Crimmy, let up! Who ever heard of a thing that would make you taste green persimmons with your back teeth?"

THE Hartford *Courant*, referring to the couplet in Mr. Tupper's poem just issued to the American people—

"Since your pilgrim fathers landed,
(Some of mine sailed with them too),"

thinks that this suggests an inquiry into how many fathers Mr. Tupper had. Whatever curiosity this genealogical problem may excite, will naturally be swallowed up in the universal gratification caused by the information that although he may have had a dozen or twenty fathers they only produced one Tupper.—*Brooklyn Argus*.

NOT A PROHIBITIONIST.—A mother and a babe were among the passengers at the Central depot in Detroit. She had her baby carefully wrapped up, and this fact, perhaps, attracted the attention of a big fellow with a three-story mouth and a rosy satchel in his hand. Sitting down beside her he remarked: "Only weather for wind, that, ma'am, pie, isn't it?" She faintly nodded. "Book he seem to feel it much?" curiously asked. She shook her head. "Is it a healthy child?" he asked, seeming greatly interested. He was up in a few moments ago," she snapped out; "but I'm afraid he's smelled so much whisky that he'll have the delirium tremens before night!" The man got right up and walked out of the room, and was afterwards seen buying cocoa and cinnamon.

THE skeleton of a cat walked into Ryan's store at Hoboken. Ryan seeing her, bawled out, "Mickey, didn't I tell ye a dozen times I'ads that cat a pound of mate a day until ye had her fat?"

"You did; and I'm just after fadeing her a pound."

"Has that cat ate a pound this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"Shure, I think its a lie ye're telling. Bring me the scales. Now bring me that cat."

That cat turned the scale at exactly one pound.

"There, didn't I tell ye she had eaten a pound of meat this morning?"

"All right, my boy, there's yer pound of meat, but where the devil's the cat?"

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THE FASHIONS.

A fancy for India shawls, both long and of a round shape, is being revived in Paris.

For last, elegant dancing, no compact or covering can be more elegant, always provided the shawl be allowed to fall in loose, easy folds, and not dragging across the shoulders.

Any attempt at superfluous looping, pinning in folds to disguise fullness or shape, should be avoided in the wearing of an India shawl.

A pointed corner thrown carelessly over, and the central design well displayed below is all that is needed in the way of holding proprietary to wearing.

The appearance of the shawl when on after following the above hints, is of course due to the wearer.

A pretty costume of cashmere in the tint known as "dead-leaf," and combined with silk of a similar shade for trimming, was shown to us.

The lower skirt of the cashmere had two knife plaitings of silk on the bottom. The lower one straight, the upper in points. The overdress was a polonaise of the cashmere, with the side body seams reaching to the shoulders.

The trimming consisted of a pointed knife plaiting of silk around the lower edge.

A deep pocket of silk was shaped like a cornucopia, and composed entirely of rows of silk in knife plaitings ending at the lower end in a bow with hanging loops of silk, was placed on the left side.

A pointed knife plaiting of silk, with the points turning towards the front of the polonaise, was placed on that side of the pocket nearest the front.

A knife plaiting of silk stitched through the centre, trimmed the neck.

A double knife plaiting of silk alternating with sashiveres, trimmed the plain coat-sleeves of silk.

A double bow of frille ribbon was placed on the outer seam of these cuffs.

The front of the polonaise was closed with crochet buttons of silk.

A pretty hat to wear with this suit was of dead-leaf colored felt trimmed with silk of the same shade, and a feather, a wing of the shaded blue and green, and a *toronde* of pale pink silk across the front of the hat just above the forehead.

A square of dark blue *matelasse* silk trimmed with silver fox fur, and worn as a carriage wrap, was made very long, and of an easy fullness.

The sleeves were half tight-fitting and had deep cuffs of the fur.

A pointed collarette of the fur, and muff of the same, trimmed with three fur bands completed the set.

A wide sash of dark blue silk laid in folds and tied low down in the back gave a stylish finish to the garment.

A suit for a boy of seven was made as follows:

The material used being plum-colored cashmere.

The pants reached to the knee and had a row of silk velvet buttons on the lower half of the outer seam.

A deep Louis XVI vest of plum-colored velvet was bound with wide braid of the same color, silk braid being used, and buttoned with silk buttons.

The little coat was of plum-colored cassimere, being cut long, and closed at the neck with a lappet of velvet, falling away from thence to reveal the velvet vest.

Deep and square pocket flaps of velvet, and a square collar of velvet, also deep square cuffs of *matelasse* material, gave an elegant finish to the little coat.

A wide collar of Irish guipure was worn with it and frills of the same at the wrists. Wide-rimmed hat of plum-colored felt with one side turned up with a buckle.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A pretty fancy in necklaces is to combine smooth jet beads with gold beads of an octagonal form and every fifth one faceted with a turquoise.

Long scarf veils of sheer black tulle, worn en masque across the face, and twined about the throat, are fashionable.

Sleeveless jackets of double zephyr knit in rib-stitch, are comfortably worn under coats, Dolmans, etc.

Jet trimming, it is said, is returning to favor. Long gloves are still en regle.

Attic shoes are ugly, but are real necessities in the present state of the pavements.

Dark blue and cardinal red stockings are fashionable for children.

"*Cheminese*" is the latest in the raised fig. aud woolen goods.

The coquette bonnet is "the thing" for headgear.

Silver bracelets with little dime and half dime pieces hung around the bands are much worn.

Hoods of seal fur are comfortable for sleighing part of.

Felt boots lined with canton flannel are among the sensible fancies.

Ulster over-sacques for ladies are the rage.

Velvet polonaises embroidered in colors are among the novelties. They are for wear upon the street we are happy to record.

An effort is being made by Parisian beauty to introduce colors into gentlemen's attire. Plum-colored coats and cream-tinted pants being the result.

Thanks are due Messrs. Homer & Golladay for informations.

OUR WORK TABLE.

It has been some time since we have given designs for either fancy work, therefore and to lose favor with our more practical readers, we shall now return to our previous custom at short rate.

We have lately seen a very complete pattern of

SCHOOL APRON

for a girl.

The model was made of a fine Scotch gingham of a fine green and white check.

The number of yards required were three. The pattern consisted of a Gabrielle front and side bodies and a full back laid in over lapping pleats, having a yoke at the upper part into which the pleats were set neatly.

This yoke or half-yoke was pointed on the shoulders and laid in folds to the back.

The pleats of the full part were laid four on each side, tapering towards the centre.

The yoke was closed with five small linen buttons.

A pleated ruffle edging in front in two laps which turned over and gave the finish of a collar, completed the neck.

The arm holes were finished with a ruffle of the gingham, set in pleated and of the depth of four inches on the back, narrowing down to two on the under-side.

Movable sleeves, having elastic run in the upper and lower parts, were made for the protection of the dress sleeve, while in school.

Two rather deep pockets, laid in pleats, and stitched by machine both in the upper and lower sides, turn inside from the edge, were set on at a convenient distance down the front of the skirt on each side.

We can furnish patterns with description of different parts, for fifty cents, and two stamps for postage.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. Elise K., Ohio.—A very suitable costume for your daughter to wear to the masquerade. Party will be that of a Peasant girl.

SKIRT of flowered *brocatelle*. Cream-colored ground with rose-colored and blue scattered over it.

Overskirt of cream-colored cloth, plain short and draped very high on each side with black velvet ribbon, and long ends.

Pointed low bodice of flowers or Nanoush muslin, with short apron of the same; the latter edged with a starting and ruffle, and trimmed with ribbon to correspond.

The pointed bonque of the silk, open in front, and cut away to reveal the pointed stomacher beneath, sleeves reaching to the elbow, with a pointed ruffle of silk falling over the arm, low waist in an undue ruffle of embroidered muslin, standing inner ruffle of the same about the neck, uniting on the right shoulder by a bow of worked muslin, on the top of which is a wide Alsatian bow of black velvet; hand of velvet around the edge.

NINON.

"TEMPUS FUGIT."

BY MRS. MARY D. BISBOCK.

Oh swiftly fly away our years,
Like the frail bubble, bursting with a breath,
Like the delusive arch you cloud upreara,
Our life vanisheth!

And as the shivering bark
By the dread whirlpool's force impetuous driven,
With incoming rounds is dizzy course doth mark,
Till 'neath the dark depths riven.

So, when we near that bourne,
Whence none return, our circling years roll past,
With still diminished length, till ope's the urn,
And we, too, sink at last!

TIT FOR TAT.

BY M. E. D.

In the days when all the world was romantic, and no one was ashamed of it, two gentlemen of England conceived the preposterous, but at the same time rather fashionable idea, that, because they were friends, their son and daughter, then infants in their cradles, must love each other when they grew to be man and woman; and, having compared notes, and found that they quite agreed on this point, set to work with a zeal worthy of a better cause, to arrange matters so that they must turn out exactly as they desired.

If they lived, of course their commands would be sufficient.

Of this they were assured; but, if they died, who knew what two misguided young people might do.

Consequently, each made a will, and masters were so arranged that, if either of the young people declined the hand of the other, that young person would be penniless, and his or her estate go to the other young person who was willing.

After some years, the gentleman whose child was a daughter, left his native England for America, while the other, who was a widower, his wife having given her life for that son, remained in England; so that the ocean rolled between the romantic friends.

The English resident was named Edmund Harrington. The American, Charles Sealright.

Both were, as we have said, wealthy, and both brought their children up carefully.

As they grew older they permitted them to correspond with each other, but each delouted that the letters were actually written by the elders themselves.

Once, at the age of fourteen, when news came that little Harold Harrington had fallen from a tree and broken his leg, Elsie Sealright was desired to reply that she felt great regret, and send her best love and wishes for his speedy recovery; but the girl, who could never listen to the boy's name with anything like patience, refused to write one word of this amiable epistle.

"I wish he had broken his neck, so that I might never hear any more about him," she said, with a stamp of her slippered foot; "and I won't write him."

So again mamma wrote the letter, having first locked Elsie up in a dark pantry by way of punishment.

"And I am sorry to find a child of mine so unfeeling," she said. A broken leg causes great pain and may make one lame for life.

"A nice thing for me that would be if I am to marry him," said Elsie.

Indeed if she had been as sympathetic as her mother desired her to, Elsie would have had opportunity enough to exercise those feelings, for her young betrothed was always in some pickle, and had nearly drowned and nearly shot himself a dozen times, to say nothing of ordinary tumbles.

It was all for tat, at all events, for when Elsie had the measles, Master Harold received the information with a contemptuous indifference amounting to heartlessness, and had indeed said that he did not care.

He hated girls, and this one the worst of them all.

So, with the ocean between them, the young people grew to maturity, and the year approached in which they were to meet.

But meanwhile all sorts of sad things happened. Elsie lost both her father and her mother, and away in England, Mr. Harrington died suddenly of apoplexy. So the two men who had looked forward for so many years to meeting when their children were married, never met again.

Mr. Harrington would not bring his son to America to see the lovely Elsie, as he had proposed, and but for those obstinate wills the whole matter would have been dropped, for the last thing the young people desired was to marry each other.

But the young man was of age, and the young lady also, and the property must be settled, and could not be until the match was either on or off.

The old lawyers in whose hands the affair rested, knew the feelings of their wards, but they judged that a meeting might mend matters. At least, it was necessary that they should be made.

So Harold, as in duty bound, was to cross the ocean to meet his betrothed, and give her an opportunity to refuse him.

When word of his arrival brought into full activity these feelings of repugnance that Elsie had conceived for Harold in her childhood.

She had, for a while, resolved to yield to her dead father's wishes, but now she felt that it would be impossible.

Yet there was enough of worldly wisdom in her head, to teach her how much better it was to be rich than to be poor.

If he refused her, her fortune and his also would be her own by law.

She would force him to refuse her, and then she would return him his, and all would be as it should. But how could she do this.

The girl sat for awhile in deep revery, and then arose and clapped her hands together. A thought had struck her.

There was in the house a seamstress—a quiet girl, as plain as it was possible to be, and with as much conceit as any young beauty was ever blessed with.

Her rough manners and ways of speech had become proverbial amongst her own class, the other servants speaking of her generally as Crusty Betsy. And this girl had of late been occupied in the room of her young mistress over some new dresses.

Straight to this apartment Elsie flew, and locking the door, sat down opposite Betsy, and said:

"I have something for you to do, and I'll pay you well for it."

"Just name it then," said Betsy.

"When I was a little girl, Betsy," said Elsie, "your papa promised that I should marry a young gentleman who lives in England when I was grown, and that if I did not I should lose my fortune. Now the time has come and he is coming, and I can't marry him, Betsy, and I want him to refuse me. Do you understand?"

"I understand," said Betsy, "and if I were you I'd half him off quick enough, and make him glad to go, that I would.

"And I can't think how to do it, Betsy," said Elsie, "and if you can you must do it for me. While he stays you must pretend that you are Miss Sealright, you must wear my clothes, and take all the airs you possibly can, and make him as unhappy as possible, so that he'll have no reason to offer you—I mean, me, you know. Be sharp as you can with him, Betsy—never the least bit kind or nice. You'll try, won't you Betsy?"

"I can give any one as good as they send, miss," said Betsy. "I'm no meaky-mouth, and you'll pay me well, miss."

"I'll give you a hundred dollars Betsy" said the girl, "or you'll save me my freedom and my fortune; and you'll not refuse him, you know, else all will be spoilt."

"I'll manage," said Betsy.

Then the two girls left all other work to examine Elsie's wardrobe, and soon Betsy was dressed in the most elegant attire, her hair powdered, as was the custom, and white gloves upon her hands.

"And I," said Elsie "I will be your poor companion, and you must call me Miss Smith, and snub me and order me about."

Thus all was arranged when the little letter Elsie had been so long expecting arrived, announcing by the same mail, that Mr. Harrington would pay his respects to Miss Sealright in an hour.

How Miss Sealright laughed as she sat waiting for the arrival—how she watched Betsy sail up and down with all her new assumption of dignity. Betsy with the most amiable intentions, would have been sure of offending; but Betsy, bent on being insolent, would be a grand success.

Just then Betsy herself leant from the window.

"Oh, miss!" she cried, "there's a carriage at the door, and there's a gentleman coming out of it. Bless us! if that's him, I don't wonder you want to be off your match. Deary me! oh, deary me!"

But before she could explain a servant had brought Elsie a card bearing the name of Harold Harrington, and, as she arose the most extraordinary figure entered the room.

It was a very tall young man, between whose shoulders, nevertheless, grew an enormous hump. He also, though he seemed to move actively enough, walked upon crutches.

On his head, from which he had removed his cap, was a black silk skull-cap, such as entirely bald old gentlemen then wore.

Over his ears was a big black bandage, which also quite covered his chin.

On his right eye was a large, green patch; on his left cheek another.

All that was visible of his face was his nose, which was certainly well shaped, but which showed signs of red flannel; and about his throat was indeed a flannel muffler.

This was Harold Harrington.

Elsie's surprise was so great that she sank into a low chair, and forgot to prompt Betsy as she had intended.

But Betsy needed no prompting. She was not in the least embarrassed.

She advanced to meet Mr. Harrington with a grin of supreme insolence on her face and burst into a loud laugh.

"Well," she said, "so you are my young man, are you? I must say, whoever picked you out picked out no mighty great taste; I wasn't for your beauty that's plain."

"No madam," said the new arrival. "it was not for my beauty. Do I address Miss Sealright?"

"Why who else should I be?" cried Betsy. "I was not for your cleverness, neither, you were chosen. But now you've come, sit down. Been in the wars, haven't you?"

"My infirmities!" sighed the young man, "are the result of my recklessness as a boy. I have a most sympathising letter from you upon the fall which broke my limb. You remember it! You also consoled with me upon the burns which nearly blinded me my eye, though you did not know how serious was the result."

"It was while I was on a trip to Switzerland that I had my burns," said Betsy, while endeavoring to drink some boiling tea at the housekeeper left carelessly upon the table, I scalded all the hair from my head. This scar upon my cheek is the result of having attempted to shave myself with my father's razor. It was injudicious of him not to tell you the result of my injuries, but now you see them for yourself. I will not go into further particulars. You remember all my accidents?"

"Yes," said Betsy, "and a fine figger of a man they've made you. You'd do to scare the crows from an orchard, I must say, and you're sent to me, I'm told, that I may my pick and choice of offers to marry. It's enough to make one die of laughing."

"Then you refuse me?" said the young man very eagerly.

"Oh, no," said Betsy, "oh, no I don't; there's the fortune, you know. Money is money, and even an object like you is better than poverty. I'll have you. Though how folks will laugh to see us paired off together! One comfort, though; so broken down as you must be, you can't last long."

"On the contrary, I expect to live to be eighty," said the young man.

"Expectations don't go for much," said Betsy. "Look how the old folks went."

"We were deprived of their affections very suddenly," said the young man sighing. "My father loved yours dearly, Miss Sealright."

"Folks will take queer notions," said Betsy. "Well, I must say you are an object, but I can't help laughing, whenever I look at you."

She was the first arrival brought into full activity these feelings of repugnance that Elsie had conceived for Harold in her childhood.

She had, for a while, resolved to yield to her dead father's wishes, but now she felt that it would be impossible.

Yet there was enough of worldly wisdom in her head, to teach her how much better it was to be rich than to be poor.

If he refused her, her fortune and his also would be her own by law.

She would force him to refuse her, and then she would return him his, and all would be as it should. But how could she do this.

The girl sat for awhile in deep revery, and then arose and clapped her hands together. A thought had struck her.

There was in the house a seamstress—a quiet girl, as plain as it was possible to be, and with as much conceit as any young beauty was ever blessed with.

Her rough manners and ways of speech had become proverbial amongst her own class, the other servants speaking of her generally as Crusty Betsy. And this girl had of late been occupied in the room of her young mistress over some new dresses.

Straight to this apartment Elsie flew, and locking the door, sat down opposite Betsy, and said:

"I have something for you to do, and I'll pay you well for it."

"Just name it then," said Betsy.

"When I was a little girl, Betsy," said Elsie, "your papa promised that I should marry a young gentleman who lives in England when I was grown, and that if I did not I should lose my fortune. Now the time has come and he is coming, and I can't marry him, Betsy, and I want him to refuse me. Do you understand?"

"I understand," said Betsy, "and if I were you I'd half him off quick enough, and make him glad to go, that I would.

"And I can't think how to do it, Betsy," said Elsie, "and if you can you must do it for me. While he stays you must pretend that you are Miss Sealright, you must wear my clothes, and take all the airs you possibly can, and make him as unhappy as possible, so that he'll have no reason to offer you—I mean, me, you know. Be sharp as you can with him, Betsy—never the least bit kind or nice. You'll try, won't you Betsy?"

"I can give any one as good as they send, miss," said Betsy. "I'm no meaky-mouth, and you'll pay me well, miss."

"I'll give you a hundred dollars Betsy" said the girl, "or you'll save me my freedom and my fortune; and you'll not refuse him, you know, else all will be spoilt."

"I'll manage," said Betsy.

Then the two girls left all other work to examine Elsie's wardrobe, and soon Betsy was dressed in the most elegant attire, her hair powdered, as was the custom, and white gloves upon her hands.

"And I," said Elsie "I will be your poor companion, and you must call me Miss Smith, and snub me and order me about."

Thus all was arranged when the little letter Elsie had been so long expecting arrived, announcing by the same mail, that Mr. Harrington would pay his respects to Miss Sealright in an hour.

How Miss Sealright laughed as she sat waiting for the arrival—how she watched Betsy sail up and down with all her new assumption of dignity. Betsy with the most amiable intentions, would have been sure of offending; but Betsy, bent on being insolent, would be a grand success.

Just then Betsy herself leant from the window.

"Oh, miss!" she cried, "there's a carriage at the door, and there's a gentleman coming out of it. Bless us! if that's him, I don't wonder you want to be off your match. Deary me! oh, deary me!"

But before she could explain a servant had brought Elsie a card bearing the name of Harold Harrington, and, as she arose the most extraordinary figure entered the room.

It was a very tall young man, between whose shoulders, nevertheless, grew an enormous hump. He also, though he seemed to move actively enough, walked upon crutches.

On his head, from which he had removed his cap, was a black silk skull-cap, such as entirely bald old gentlemen then wore.

Over his ears was a big black bandage, which also quite covered his chin.

On his right eye was a large, green patch; on his left cheek another.

All that was visible of his face was his nose, which was certainly well shaped, but which showed signs of red flannel; and about his throat was indeed a flannel muffler.

This was Harold Harrington.

Elsie's surprise was so great that she sank into a low chair, and forgot to prompt Betsy as she had intended.

But Betsy needed no prompting. She was not in the least embarrassed.

She advanced to meet Mr. Harrington with a grin of supreme insolence on her face and burst into a loud laugh.

"Well," she said, "so you are my young man, are you? I must say, whoever picked you out picked out no mighty great taste; I wasn't for your beauty that's plain."

"No madam," said the new arrival. "it was not for my beauty. Do I address Miss Sealright?"

"Why who else should I be?" cried Betsy. "I was not for your cleverness, neither, you were chosen. But now you've come, sit down. Been in the wars, haven't you?"

"My infirmities!" sighed the young man, "are the result of my recklessness as a boy. I have a most sympathising letter from you upon the fall which broke my limb. You remember it! You also consoled with me upon the burns which nearly blinded me my eye, though you did not know how serious was the result."

"It was while I was on a trip to Switzerland that I had my burns," said Betsy, while endeavoring to drink some boiling tea at the housekeeper left carelessly upon the table, I scalded all the hair from my head. This scar upon my cheek is the result of having attempted to shave myself with my father's razor. It was injudicious of him not to tell you the result of my injuries, but now you see them for yourself. I will not go into further particulars. You remember all my accidents?"

"Yes," said Betsy, "and a fine figger of a man they've made you. You'd do to scare the crows from an orchard, I must say, and you're sent to me, I'm told, that I may my pick and choice of offers to marry. It's enough to make one die of laughing."

"Then you refuse me?" said the young man very eagerly.

"Oh, no," said Betsy, "oh, no I don't; there's the fortune, you know. Money is money, and even an object like you is better than poverty. I'll have you. Though how folks will laugh to see us paired off together! One comfort, though; so broken down as you must be, you can't last long."

"On the contrary, I expect to live to be eighty," said the young man.

"Expectations don't go for much," said Betsy. "Look how the old folks went."

"We were deprived of their affections very suddenly," said the young man sighing. "My father loved yours dearly, Miss Sealright."

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CRYSTALS.

The use of rock crystal in the manufacture of optical instruments has led to the development of the curious and interesting process of working it by hand. In, however, an old occupation in the Swiss Alps, where not only the knowledge of the crystal finder, but his nerve and endurance, are often put to a severe test. The rock crystal, or crystalized quartz, is found in pieces of different size, color and fineness, sometimes separately, sometimes in groups.

The simplest form of lapidary shifter is called—is equipped with a bar of iron 4 feet long, bent up at one end, a shovel, a hammer, a hack, a strong cord and a leather sack, and starts for his work early in the morning. The life of a crystal finder in the Swiss are not fond of "going shares" in any piece of good fortune. He crawls along the flanks of the hills hours together along the most perilous paths, looking out anxiously for any indication of a vein. This may be a long way above him, and he tries to reach it as best he can, being not infrequently compelled to cut out its steps in the rock. His first act, on reaching the spot, is to strike it with his hammer, his ear telling him whether the crystals are attached to the walls, separate or mixed with sand.

He then approaches the vein before it is fired and a one-inch fuse, and consumes 20 grammes (5 grains) of coil per hour. The powder, igniting the motion of the engine, when immediately applied to the electric machine and connected with electricity or electric light, having an illuminating power equal to that of 24 of the lamps mentioned, showing that three times more light may be produced from a given quantity of oil, if its energy is applied by means of mechanical power, and then into electricity, than if the oil is directly burned in the lamp.

A GERMAN chemist has made a long series of careful experiments to ascertain the quantity of carbonic acid given off in respiration by the different classes of animals. Among the most important conclusions printed in the *Journal* of the Chemical Society, we find that a full grown man exhales in a day, in proportion to their weight, the largest amount of carbonic acid is given off by birds —mammals come next—and worms, amphibia, fishes and snails form another group; which the amount of carbonic acid is much smaller: of these, worms give off the most, and fishes the least. Fishes that live in water give off more carbonic acid to the air than they do to the water; and young animals exhale a few which are never seen in older ones. In